

Catholic Digest

OCTOBER 1952

35¢

OUR LADY OF FATIMA

Pages 97 and 107
Elisabeth Cobb

ST. BENEDICT

by
*Whittaker
Chambers*



Catholic Digest

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

VOL. 16

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COVER: Susan Whitney as Lucia in "The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima." Pictures of Francisco (Sammy Ogg) and Jacinta (Sherry Jackson) are on pp. 108 and 110. Warner Brothers photo

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ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic

Digest, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin.

FRANCE: Ecclesia-Digeste Catholique,

18-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV;

Familial Digest-Digeste Catholique, 31

rue de Fleurus, Paris VI.

BELGIUM: Katholieke Digest, Ecclesia,

and Familial Digest, 40 Boulevard de

Jodoigne, Louvain.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Vizion,

4 Dam, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, 5 Via

S. Antonio, N., Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39

Hersdorfstrasse, Aschaffenburg.

JAPAN: Jhu-jhu-jhu, 20 Honshicho,

Shinjuku, Tokyo.

LATIN AMERICA: Lo Mejor del Catho-

lic Digest, 300 Park Ave., New York

22, N. Y.

BRILLE EDITION: National Braille

Press, 88 St. Stephen St., Boston 15.

\$10 a year.

Foreign subscriptions at \$3 a year should

be sent to the addresses given, not to

the St. Paul office.

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Published Monthly. Subscription price, \$3 the year; 2 years for \$5; 3 years for \$7; 5 years for \$10. Same rates for two or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own. Entered as second-class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minn., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1952 by The Catholic Digest, Inc.

The Legacy of Benedict

The world suffers because it ignores the lessons of history

By WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

Condensed from a chapter of "*Saints For Now*"*

I WAS in my 20's, a young intellectual savage in college, before the fact slowly dawned upon me that I knew practically no history at all. I knew the history of Greece and Rome, with side trips to Egypt and the Fertile Crescent, and the history of the last 400 years of Europe and America. My ignorance of what lay in between, of what joined the parts and gave them continuity, was darker than any Dark Age.

I turned briefly to medieval history. But the distinguished teachers who first guided me into the Dark Ages seemed, even to my blindness, not too sure of their own way. Their exposition, even of so obvious a problem as the causes for the fall of the Roman West left me with a sense of climbing railless stairs above a chasm at night. Rome fell, I learned, because of the barbarian hordes and a series of great barbarian leaders.

H. G. Wells would

presently startle me with the information that the hordes had been comparative handfuls among the populations they conquered. Somewhat later I would come to believe that the barbarian leaders were scarcely more barbarian than the Romans. Many of them were disaffected officials of the Roman state, and their conduct was not so much that of invaders as that of people we now call fifth columnists.

Or I was taught that Rome's collapse was due in part to the disrepair of the Roman roads. Or the re-

surgence of the Pontine marshes and the high incidence of malaria at Rome. Or that the conquest of the East had introduced alien and indigestible masses into the empire, and corrupted Rome, and so it fell. But even a collegiate savage could scarcely fail to note that it was precisely the corrupt Eastern half of the empire that survived as a political unit, and, for another 800 years, stood



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against the vigorous East, and was the bulwark of the fallen West.

In an event so complex as the crash of a civilization, some more subtle dissolvent, I sensed, must also have been at work. I thought I had caught a hint of it in Salvian: "The Roman empire is luxurious, but it is filled with misery. It is dying but it laughs: *morituri et ridet.*" What interested me was that men smiled at Salvian's words when he spoke them, and men still smiled at them complacently a thousand years later. In any case, for me it was too late. What the missing something was in the crisis of Rome I was not to learn in classrooms.

More than half my life was over, when someone, seeking to comfort me in the ordeal with which my name is linked, once more directed my eyes to that point. Anne Ford, my friend of many years standing, sent me from the Monastery of Gethsemani a little silver medal, blessed in my family's name and mine, by Father Louis—Thomas Merton of *The Seven Storey Mountain*. On the medal was an image of St. Benedict.

I found myself asking who St. Benedict had been. I knew that he had founded a monastic order, which bore his name, and that for it he had written a famous Rule. I knew that he had uttered a precept that I had taken for my own: *Laborare est orare*: to labor is to pray. I had once written a little news

story about plans for the restoration of his monastery of Monte Cassino after its destruction in the 2nd World War. What I had written had presumably been read by at least 100,000 people. But a seeker after knowledge at any age, certainly one 50 years old, must begin by confessing that he probably knew less about St. Benedict than many a pupil in parochial school. Nor, had I asked a dozen friends, regarded as highly intelligent by themselves and the world, could one of them have told me much more about St. Benedict than I knew myself. The fact that such ignorance could exist, could be taken as a matter of course, was more stunning than the abyss of ignorance itself.

For the briefest prying must reveal that, simply in terms of history, leaving aside for a moment his sanctity, St. Benedict was a colossal figure in shaping the civilization of the West. He stood with St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, Pope St. Leo the Great, Pope St. Gregory the Great, St. Francis of Assisi, and Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII).

The Western World did not know itself. Was that ignorance the root of its spiritual despondency, its intellectual confusion, its moral chaos?

At the moment, I could do little more than grope for St. Benedict's hand and pray to be less nakedly ignorant. The biographical facts

were chiefly to be found in the *Dialogues* of Pope St. Gregory the Great or inferred between the lines of St. Benedict's Rule.

Benedict had been born, toward the end of the 5th century, of good family in the countryside of Nursia, which lay close enough to Rome to catch the tremors of its sack, in 410, by Alaric's West Goths (the first time in 800 years that the city had fallen), and the shock of its sack by the Vandals, who, in 445 completed the material and human havoc that the West Goths had begun. To a Rome darkened by such disasters, Benedict had been sent to school as a boy of 14 or 15. There he was shaken by the corrupt customs of his schoolmates, it is said. But we may surely conjecture that he was touched, too, like sensitive minds in our own day, by a sense of brooding, indefinable disaster, of doom still incomplete, for the Dark Ages were scarcely more than begun.

The boy fled from Rome, or, as we might say, ran away from school, and settled with a loose-knit congregation about 30 miles from the city. There he performed his first miracle. When, as a result, men called him good, he fled again. For, though he was a boy, he was clearly old enough to fear the world, especially when it praises. This time he fled into the desert wilderness near Subiaco, where for three years he lived alone in a cave. To those who presently found him,

he seemed more like a wild creature than a man.

Those were the years of the saint's conquest of his flesh, his purgation, illumination and perhaps his prayerful union with God. They must also have been the years when he plumbed all the perils of solitary austerities and the hermit life, by suffering them.

At any rate, the saint left Subiaco to enter on his first experience in governing a community of monks. He returned to Subiaco, and, in 12 years, organized 12 Benedictine communities. His days were filled with devotion and with labor and touched with miracles. But again human factors threatened failure.

St. Benedict with a few companions withdrew to Monte Cassino, some 80 miles southeast of Rome. There he overthrew an ancient altar of Apollo (for paganism was still rooted in the countryside), and there he raised an altar to God. On those heights he organized his community, ruled his monks, performed miracles, distilled his holy experience in his Holy Rule. There he died at a date which is in dispute, but probably about 547, when the campaigns of the Eastern Roman empire to recover Italy from the East Goths had permanently devastated the Peninsula.

Against that night and that ruin, like a man patiently lighting a wick in a tempest, St. Benedict set his Rule. There had been other monastic Rules before, St. Pach-

mius' and St. Basil's, for example. St. Benedict called his the *Holy Rule*, setting it down and setting it apart from all others, with a consciousness of its singular authority that has led some biographers to speculate whether he had not been prompted by the Holy See to write it.

What was there in this little book that changed the world? To us, at first glance, it seems prosaic enough, even fairly obvious. That, indeed, is the heart of its inspiration. In an age of pillar saints and furiously competing athletes of the spirit, when men plunged by thousands into the desert, in a lunge towards God, and in revulsion from man, St. Benedict's Rule brought a saving and creative sanity. Its temper was that of moderation as against excesses of zeal.

The Holy Rule, to those who submitted to its mild but strict sway, restored the discipline and power of Roman family life. For those who obeyed it, it ended three great alienations of the spirit whose action, I suspect, touched on that missing something which my instructors failed to find among the causes of the fall of Rome. The same alienations, I further suspect, can be seen at their work of dissolution among ourselves, and are perhaps among the little-noticed reasons why men turn to communism. They are: the alienation of the spirit of man from traditional authority; his alienation from the

idea of traditional order; and a crippling alienation that he feels at the point where civilization has deprived him of the joy of simple productive labor.

These alienations St. Benedict fused into a new surge of the human spirit by directing the frustrations that informed them into the disciplined service of God. At the touch of his mild inspiration, the bones of a new order stirred and clothed themselves with life, drawing to itself much of what was best and most vigorous among the ruins of man and his work in the Dark Ages, and conserving and shaping its energy for that unparalleled outburst of mind and spirit in the Middle Ages. For the West regrouped itself about the Benedictine monasteries and saved itself.

So bald a summary can do little more than indicate the dimensions of the Benedictine achievement and plead for its constant re-examination. Seldom has the need been greater. For we sense, in 1952, that we may stand closer to the year 410 than at any other time in the centuries since. If that statement seems as extreme as any of Salviati's, 300 million Russians, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, East Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, and all the Christian Balkans would tell you that it is not—would tell you if they could lift their voices through the night of the new Dark Ages that have fallen on them. For them the year 410 has already come.

Music in the Hair

The experiences of this critic demonstrate that all the sour notes aren't on stage

By PAUL HUME

Condensed from *The Sign**



MUSIC CRITICS belong to a profession fraught with numerous occupational hazards.

In the last few years I have been threatened once with general mayhem, once with pistol-butt bashing, twice with actual shooting, once with being lynched, once with being trailed by detectives in the hope that something incriminating would turn up, and once with being driven from town before a mob of enraged dowagers.

Why do people react so violently when they differ with a music critic? First, because music is in the best sense of the word an emotional business. No other art has the power of arousing such strong convictions so hotly defended.

Music is a science as well as an art. The notion that one becomes an expert in the science because of a love for the art can turn otherwise peace-loving souls into holy terrors.

Music reviews are not staff written. They are not based on a quick

poll of the audience. They are, as the byline clearly implies, "one man's opinion" about those facets of musical performance which are matters of opinion.

On considerations of style, for example, there are often great variations of thought among musicians. A critic must bring to them all the training and experience he has, and then hope for the best. But of course there is an irreducible minimum of black and white fact: right and wrong notes, for example; pitch; orchestral precision; correct diction and enunciation in singing. To judge these a critic must be able to rely on his own ear, and in defense of his judgment he must stand firm as an umpire calling strikes.

Do the readers have the right to let a critic know what they think of him? You bet they do. Getting that "one man's opinion" into print carries a certain responsibility with it. A critic who develops a what-do-those - peasants - know - about - it -

*Monastery Place, Union City, N. J., July, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by The Passionist Missions, Inc.

anyway attitude has probably outlived his usefulness. He has certainly developed delusions of grandeur.

Human nature being what it is, I have a few random criticisms to make about some of the criticisms of critics. Where, for one thing, do people get the idea that critics find it easier and pleasanter to write bad reviews than to write good ones? If a critic is to spend upward of 14 hours a week listening to concerts, he would much rather listen to good ones than bad. More important, if he has to write an unfavorable review he must give specific reasons, and he must, if called to account by artist or audience, be able to back them up to the last comma.

The sad truth is that people are not half so impressed by favorable reviews as by the contrary. During an average week, there are usually four or five over-all favorable reviews for every dud. But when the dud finally comes along, the old refrain comes with it, "Oh, he doesn't like *anything*!" Or, as the secretary of state put it, "Hume criticizes everything but the varnish on the piano."

The great weapon of revenge is the telephone, a weapon equally useful 1. to people who don't like a critic, and 2. to people who wish to get something out of him. Many callers work on the quaint theory that the odder the hour of a conversation, the more lasting an im-

pression it will make. There is much to this idea: there are, indeed, some telephone calls I shall never forget.

Of all my unknown telephone acquaintances, I feel the most affection for the good soul who called me after Nelson Eddy's last Washington recital. Mr. Eddy, whose programs are usually made up of the finest in song literature, went off the track this time to the extent of including Ethelbert Nevins' *The Rosary* as an encore. Now, this highly sentimental ballad, fine for the parlor but unsuited to the concert stage, is a secular love song to a dear departed. My friend somehow managed to get hold of our now unlisted telephone number (self-defense). He woke me up one bright morning to say, "Mr. Hume, I wasn't at the Eddy concert but I just read your review of it. I don't know what your own affiliations are, but speaking as a Catholic I want to tell you that I feel you have insulted our Church by criticizing one of our Catholic songs!"

I think he was somewhat baffled when I assured him that I had honest to goodness signed the Family Rosary pledge myself not two weeks before. But I am afraid that in spite of my careful assurances to the contrary he still thinks *The Rosary* is divinely revealed praise of the blessed Mother. I am still breathing sighs of relief that he called me instead of the non-Catholic critics in town who might have

wondered what was new in liturgical music.

Most crackpot mail is anonymous. Although there is a psychopathic element in anonymous mail, I have to admit a sneaking fondness for some of my demented friends. One of the most heartfelt opinions of me I ever received came on a post card that said wearily, but eloquently, "Enlist now!"

Anonymous mail usually comes in lumps. Some performers have fan clubs, unorganized but efficient, and if the critics do not rave like radio commercials, heaven help us. Singers rank high in this class, but no group equals the organists.

The rabid devotion which organists arouse in their adherents is an awesome phenomenon. One performer in particular whose work I consider more pyrotechnical than musical has such a following in Washington. Even a moderate review of him is followed by a barrage of anonymous and abusive complaints. I have that little problem solved now, though. On the nights he plays in town, I go to some other concert. If there are no other concerts, I go to the movies.

The Post Cards Anonymous club occasionally rises to virtuoso heights. I remember when I was to sing a recital that included a new work by Honegger. The piece required a violin accompaniment, and a musician from the National Symphony orchestra had been hired for the occasion.

On Sunday morning he called in great distress to say that "an official of the union" had just telephoned. The "official" threatened, on some minute technicality about his length of residency, to have him thrown out of both union and job if he played for me. I was a bad apple anyway, the man said, and a thorn in the side of the union. As a former member of dear old local 161—from the days when I sustained life by playing the Chopin *D-flat Polonaise* and the *Warsaw Concerto* in the Mayflower lounge—I bitterly resented the implication that all was not cinnamon and aloe between me and the A F of L.

To make a long, harrowing day short, we spent hours 1. vainly trying to locate another violinist willing to read the perilous Honegger practically at sight, and 2. to track down the president of the union local.

An hour before the recital, we finally located the official and explained our situation. He was surprised to hear it, partly because no union board member would object to a musician getting a well-paid extra job and mostly because there was no union board member with the name the man had given. He inquired delicately, "You, er, haven't any enemies, have you?"

Any discussion of the oddities of a music critic's correspondence inevitably leads to the strange events of early December, 1950, [when President Truman wrote to Hume

about his review of Margaret Truman's concert].

"What did you think when you first read that letter?" people have been asking ever since. Considering my record of crackpot correspondence, even including forged signatures, there was a possibility that some of the anonymous funny men were at it again. Among the people in the office, up to and including the managing editor, the first vote decided it was a gag.

When I called up my wife, a writer, among other things of sinister detective fiction, she immediately reeled off four persons who had written the letter and six ways by which they had obtained White House stationery. I personally was just naïve enough to believe that a note written on White House stationery and signed with the President's initials was probably from the President; and more careful study of the communication convinced me there was genuine spontaneity in it.

It was during this stage that the *Daily News* got into the act. My opposite number on the *News* had written a piece on Miss Truman's singing a bit more critical or at least more blunt than mine. I called him and asked, off the record, whether he had heard from the President. He had not, but was naturally fascinated to hear that I had.

My answer to the letter was short and not very interesting. I did not

follow my usual custom, when answering irritated mail, of trying to give more expanded and explicit reasons for my criticism. (That, I think, would have been the last thing in the world my correspondent wished to hear from me, and being a father twice over I know why.) The answer said only that the whole business was probably the result of the pressures of the time, both public and personal. This was two days after the death of Press Secretary Ross. But it also said very specifically that I did not intend to publish the letter. During the storm which followed the *Daily News* release of the story, I often thought of that well-intentioned but futile promise with some chagrin.

That night my wife and I set out on our evening junket, beginning with the first half of the Boston Symphony concert at Constitution hall. At intermission we made for the door, to pick up the last half of a piano recital seven miles away.

As we were fleeing, we met our friend the music critic of the *Daily News* whom I had called earlier. He said, "Let me see that letter, will you?" I handed it over for about three seconds, remarking that the *Post* was definitely not going to publish it. I assumed that if we weren't going to print our own story then nobody else would, which shows how naïve you can be even after seven years in Washington.

Now the music critic of the *News* is also one of the city's top Capitol Hill reporters. He did what any good reporter would have done, or would have been shot for not doing: rushed back to his seat and wrote out what he could remember of the letter—just in case.

He reported the matter to his managing editor, a gentleman with whom I have had musical differences. The editor decided to print the facts and to add a snide if inaccurate remark about my own singing career.

Next day a little paragraph appeared on page three of the *News*, with one of those headlines for which the paper is justly famous:

H ello

S weet

T hing

This was Dec. 8. I was glad the day had got off to such a good start. It got a little noisy before it was over. From page three the story went around the world. I received in the space of two weeks, nearly 2,000 written opinions of myself, in seven languages, from a radius of 12,000 miles. I am reasonably certain that never before in the history of music criticism have so many hitherto unconcerned people formed an opinion on that ancient science.

This is the only chance I shall ever have of thanking the countless people who telephoned (one man called from Oklahoma to make a tape recording of the con-

versation!) wrote, telegraphed, and sent little mementos. These included three rubber noses, four pairs of boxing gloves and other equipment, and one magnificent ten-pound pure beef baloney, personally delivered by the delegation which had come to witness the seating of former Governor Duff in the Senate.

I still don't know whether the baloney was a comment on my character or not, but we ate it for weeks.

Only about 50% of the letters concerned themselves with musical values. But the other 50% certainly represented an enlightening cross section of the nation's political leanings. I could not help being amused by the frequently drawn conclusion in the anti-Hume letters that because I did not enjoy Miss Truman's singing I was *ipso facto* a Republican.

Of the "musical" letters, about 90% were friendly. The other 10% were by far the most stimulating. It is good for a critic's soul to realize that a substantial number of people take a dim view of his profession.

One good lady wrote, "Now wouldn't you think that a young feller like you would find something better to do with his time than just go around saying mean things about people that are doing their best. You'd be better off digging ditches!"

Well, it's a thought.

Having Fun With Your Kids

Here are the answers that 665 youngsters gave to the question,
"What do you enjoy doing with your parents?"

By NORMA E. CUTTS and NICHOLAS MOSELEY

Condensed from "Better Home Discipline"*

IT IS NOT just what you do for children but what you do together with them that counts. It's good for a youngster to do some things alone with each parent. It's particularly important for boys to share activities with their fathers and girls with their mothers. This teaches boys the ways of men and girls how to become women. But what the *whole family* does together builds solidarity.

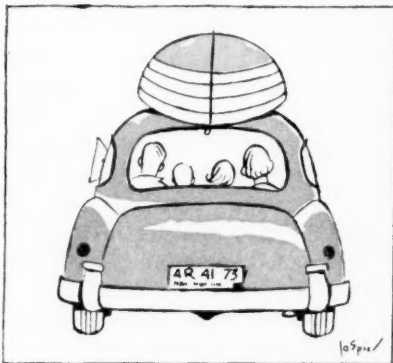
Well-adjusted children are more than likely to come from families that do an unusual number of things together, a fact disclosed by recent research. Doing many things with your children is the most practical way to help your children satisfy their emotional needs. You are demonstrating your love for them and giving them a chance to show their love for you.

Sharing activities with you makes the youngsters sure of their place in the family group. Many of the things you do together train them in responsibility, broaden them through new experiences, and make

them important in the eyes of their friends. Above all, fun together adds to family memories.

We asked 665 boys and girls between the ages of six and 16, "What do you enjoy doing with your parents?" Their answers show what sharing can mean.

Young Americans, like their parents, love to go places. Don't you envy the writer of the following list? Crossing the country by car and train. Visiting Hollywood Bowl. Crossing Hoover dam. Going through Death valley. Visiting Yosemite National park. Taking



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moving picture of Bridle Vale falls.

Practically every report mentions trips to the beach and to the country ("I went fishing and milked cows and rode on the horse. There were a lot of pigs and we fed them") and day trips to "all the places in the state." Auto rides are another universal pleasure. One boy puts down, "Hunting for a parking place with dad."

Visits to local attractions, varying from zoos and amusement parks to art museums, are popular. So are special excursions to see switching engines shuttling cars in the freight yards, streamliners roaring past, warships in the harbor, and planes at the airport. Actual rides in a train or plane or on a ferry are exciting for many. All ages talk of watching parades.

Accompanying father to his place of work is mentioned as a special treat by youngsters of both sexes. A girl describes "going to my father's office and the place where all the windows are." Who does not make much of youngsters when they come into the office with their fathers? The result is an invaluable reassurance to family pride.

Some parents fear that their offspring's table manners may disgrace them in public. But experience shows that dining out may be just the inspiration youngsters need to lift them out of bad habits.

Going to the movies together is listed from six up, though most aft-

er 12. One teen-ager reads the reviews to find out what movies are suitable for his parents. Circuses are thrilling. ("Going to Barnum-Bailey circus at Madison Square Garden. I had fun, and I mean fun. Bears roller skating . . .")

Shopping with parents is higher on the lists of girls than of boys, but it was a boy who wrote, "Helping pick out the groceries."

Sports are a common denominator in the recreation of old and young. Girls as well as boys go to watch football and baseball games with mothers as well as fathers, and all play catch with one another. Tops are the water sports: swimming, sailing, and fishing. For example, a girl mentions, in this order, "swimming, fishing, rowing, digging worms, and hot-dog roasts." A boy boasts, "We *catch* trout, bass, pickerel, and many other kinds of fish."

Naturally the sports in which parents still engage are listed most frequently. Favorites are hiking, tennis, golf, horseback riding, hunting, and camping.

In and around the home the chosen pleasures are playing cards and games, playing musical instruments and singing ("I taught my father to play duets"), listening to the radio or watching television, sharing hobbies. ("Mother helps me with my hobby, which is designing and collecting miniature statues.") "My father and I have built a workshop. We are now buying

machines to go in it. But he says I can use all but one"), "just sitting before the fire and talking," and, believe it or not, doing chores.

Chores, usually regarded as tasks which youngsters do under orders or to earn money, can be good fun when done together. It is significant that "washing dishes with mother" is more frequently mentioned by boys than girls, and "mowing the lawn with father" by girls than boys. Apparently when the sexes cross traditional lines there is a thrill of novelty. In any case, doing with rather than for turns a chore into a pleasure.

Cooking is reported in our materials by as many boys as girls. And both sexes confine themselves to talking about exciting events like baking pies and cakes. From a girl we have, "That day she asked me if I wanted to help make a cake. I said Yes, and we had so much fun. She taught me how to make a cake and I do it a lot now." And from a boy, "I enjoy making a chocolate cream pie with my mother."

Working with a parent in kitchen, carpenter shop, or garden can be sheer joy to a boy or girl. Or it can be utter boredom. The secret of stimulating a liking, of having them grow up to share your interests, is to let them have projects of their own. When they are beginning, it's wise to steer them away from sure failure and into something where they can see quick re-

sults. Radishes are better than melons, nasturtiums than delphiniums. The main point is that the child wants to be something more than an assistant.

"Just being with them and talking" is listed again and again by the boys and girls. The subjects include "baseball scores," "world affairs," "looking over the snapshot album and learning family history" and "talking about times when he was a child," and "discussing my problems with them."

The descriptions and pictures of the parents' childhood and of the child's earlier years are of immense psychological value. They make the child feel secure by showing him that his family has continuity. The knowledge he gains of the past gives him confidence in the future. It also gives him perspective, and so helps him to grow up. If you were once small, he'll some day be big.

Whether you are "going places," "doing things," or just "playing together," you can have more fun and less trouble and secure many incidental benefits by following certain procedures.

Careful planning by the whole family keeps everyone safe and satisfied. For example, when a family picnic is planned in a "committee of the whole" chances are best that each will have what he likes to eat; that the younger ones will remember to go to the toilet without the delay of a last-minute remind-

er; and that dangers will be foreseen and avoided. Moreover, planning together is in itself good fun.

Give responsibility whenever you can, not only in the planning but also in the doing. Let children order meals, buy tickets, and ask the way. "Picking the cloth" is a lot more fun and a lot more instructive than "handing the hammer."

Set standards to match ages. Remember that young children tire easily and that when they are most tired they have the least sense about stopping. In all the skills from gardening to tennis children are still beginners. To expect them to be perfect is a sure way to discourage them. It is not poor sportsmanship to let a child win. If this seems unwise to you, try giving the youngster a handicap.

Pay attention to what the youngsters wish to do. Though children like to do almost anything with their parents, they may be longing for some particular adventure. Watch for clues to their interests and try to indulge them, whether it be horseback riding or learning bridge. When there is a conflict of interests, copy the children's own method, and take turns in choosing.

Experiment with new activities. At some ages children like to do the same things over and over, but this is a passing stage. Usually

they are receptive to new ideas, and in trying new hobbies you may acquire one for yourself.

Include your neighbors on occasion. Some games need more players than the family has, and sometimes it is a case of "the more the merrier."

Keep your promises. A series of disappointments can shake a child's faith. So one writes, not of what he has enjoyed, but "I would like it very much if I could get my father to go to Maine with me for a couple of weeks. He always says he's going to but never does."

Be alert for the unusual. It's fun to watch the Yankees, but it is an experience of a lifetime to see a World Series game. Fish, yes, but fish for *salmon*! "Travel *overnight* on a *boat*." "An all day walk in *winter*." "A ride in a *helicopter*." Dining in a *big* restaurant on their *anniversary*." It is events like these that families remember.

Exercise your sense of humor. "I enjoy jokes with my parents." "I enjoy doing tricks with my father." "My father thinks of having popcorn 15 minutes before going to bed, which is fun." "My father told me he was going to the store. When he came home he had a month-old cocker-spaniel puppy. That's what I mean when I say I like my parents."

ART, like morality, consists in drawing the line somewhere.

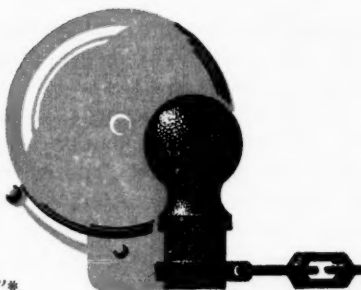
G. K. Chesterton.

How to Watch Boxing

If you know what to look for you'll be more interested in what you see

By JACK DEMPSEY

Condensed from "Championship Fighting"*



BOXING is the perfect spectator sport. It's easy for anyone to watch and understand a fight. That's true whether one witnesses a bout at a fight club or on television.

Only two men participate in a fight. All the action occurs under bright lights in a space about 20 feet square. Nevertheless, if you wish to get complete entertainment from a fight, you should do more than sit down "cold turkey" and watch it.

The more you know about the rivals, the more you'll enjoy the competition. When you read that Johnny Brown is favored at 8 to 5 to beat Billy Green, note the reasons why Brown is favored. Did these two fight before? Did Brown win? Has Brown an advantage in age or in weight? Is he a mature and experienced performer of 25 or 26 facing a comparatively green youngster? Or is he a chap still possessing the sparkle and stamina of youth, pitted against a veteran of

31 who is on the toboggan? I have no statistics on upsets, but it's my belief that the underdog in betting wins about one of every three important fights.

Is each of the contestants a local boxer, or is one from a distant city or from a foreign country? Has he been in your area long enough to be used to the climate?

What do the stories say about the private lives of the contestants? Is either of them a playboy who prefers taverns and night clubs to gymnasiums for his training? Successful fighting requires nearly perfect condition. Ring history shows that a few playboys, Mickey Walker, Stanley Ketchel, Maxie Baer, and Maxie Rosenbloom were able to get to the top; but they were exceptions.

Before you sit down to watch the fight, decide which boxer you hope will win. But do not let that rooting interest make you watch the scrap only from his angle. Many fans make that mistake. They

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watch the punches their favorite lands or receives. Their eyes unconsciously see the action as follows: "Brown landed two left jabs to the mouth. Brown was hit by a left hook to the body. Brown landed a right to the cheek. Brown ducked under a left hook."

Instead, they should be seeing the action like this: "Brown landed two left jabs to the mouth. Green landed a left hook to the body. Brown landed a right to the cheek. Green missed with a left hook to the head."

The big secret of correct watching is this: keep your eyes and your attention focused on both men. If you watch from the angle of one fighter, it's almost certain that you'll overestimate his performance.

Note immediately the fighting styles. Are the contestants' styles similar or do they contrast sharply? Are both upright boxers, or does either use the semicrouch or the low bob-weave?

Watch which one is pressing forward, forcing the fight. That's important, for in a close contest the aggressor usually is the winner. But forcing can be a handicap instead of an advantage. The aggressor may fail to land his punches and be hit with counterblows.

Which one appears to have the superior left jab? Is he using it merely to "paint" with, or is he jabbing solidly enough to snap back his opponent's head and

knock him off balance? Is his opponent blocking or slipping those jabs, and is the opponent countering them with jabs, right crosses, or body smashes? Which has the superior left hook? How is he using it? Is he keeping it short enough to be explosive? Is it accurate, or is his opponent bobbing beneath it or stepping inside it?

If neither principal is a knockout specialist, the one who is more effective with the left jab and left hook probably will win. If both scrappers are willing to fight it out in exchanges, the bout should be thrilling. Watch the early exchanges closely, for what happens in them may indicate the ultimate winner.

Does one appear to be hitting with more speed, accuracy, and power in the exchanges than the other? Is he staggering his opponent? Is he "rocking" him? There's a big difference between being "rocked" and being "staggered." When a fighter is rocked, he is knocked violently off balance—backward or sideways; but he still has complete mental and physical control when he recovers his balance. When he's staggered, he loses some mental and physical control. Usually his knees sag and he becomes "rubber-legged" as he lurches about the ring. He can't see for a second or two and sometimes his arms are semiparalyzed, so that he can't protect himself from follow-up blows. If a fighter is staggered,

watch closely to see how badly he is hurt. Can he raise his arms? Can he see his opponent and try to fall into a clinch with him, to give the groggy mind a chance to clear? Rugged scrappers of the Tony Zale type can take a terrific head battering without going down.

Usually a fighter is staggered before he is knocked down, but that's not always the case. He can be floored suddenly while exchanging or while leading with left or right. Or, when off balance, he can be dropped with a comparatively light punch. But when a staggered fighter is floored, he is more liable to be counted out than the victim of a single punch.

An experienced boxer will remain down for the count of eight or nine, so that his head will have time to clear before he rises. In most states that are members of the U.S. National Boxing association, floored scrappers are required to take a count of eight before resuming battle. The referee will not permit the match to go on until he and the timekeeper have counted eight, whether the floored fighter remains on the canvas or regains his feet during the count.

If the floored man fails to regain his feet before the count of ten, he loses the bout on a knockout. And if he has been knocked through the ring ropes and he fails to re-enter the ring before the count of ten, he also loses on a kayo. The referee has complete authority to

intervene and stop the bout to save the groggy man from injury. If he does so, the groggy man loses on a technical knockout.

During the fight, watch closely whether either contestant is using rough tactics, thumbing in the eye, heeling an opponent's face with the glovelaces on the palm of his hand, butting with the head, or hitting below the belt. Each of these "tricks" is a foul.

Nowhere in the U.S. can a boxer lose a fight on a single foul; however, in all states he can lose on a "disqualification" for repeated fouling. Usually a single foul is penalized only by the loss of the round in which the foul was perpetrated or by the loss of points. In most European countries, a bout can be lost on a single foul. In the British Isles, for example, officials are particularly strict about low blows.

At most fights, in the U.S. and other countries, a number of ring officials supervise the contest. They include a boxing commissioner or his deputy; one, two, or more inspectors; the timekeeper; the knockdown timekeeper; the referee; and two judges. A few localities use three judges.

In most areas, the scoring officials are the referee and the two judges. However, where three judges are used, the referee has no vote.

Almost invariably the scoring is done by the referee, in the ring, and the two judges, seated opposite to each other in slightly elevated

ringside chairs. Each of the three keeps a score card during the bout. At the end of the fight, each writes the name of his winner on his card. If the three cards agree on the winner he wins a unanimous decision. If two officials vote for Brown, and the other for Green, Brown wins a split decision. If one calls the bout a "draw" (even), and the other two vote for Brown, he wins a majority decision. If the three disagree completely, one voting for Brown, one for a draw, and one for Green, the fight is then declared a draw, and neither wins.

Most states belonging to the National Boxing association use the "point system" of scoring. In Michigan, for example, two fighters can share ten points in a round on each score card. In the first round Brown could have a slight advantage and win six points to Green's four. Brown might win the second session by a large margin, seven to three, and so on. At the end of the bout, each official totals the points for each fighter. The one receiving the most points is the winner on that particular score card. Only the total on each card counts; not the total of the three cards.

A few NBA states, like Pennsylvania, use the "round system" of scoring. Each official decides how many rounds, instead of points, each fighter wins. Pennsylvania officials credit a fighter with a "big" round if he wins a round by a wide margin, and with a "little" round

if his margin is small. Those "big" and "little" designations usually prevent a fight from ending in a draw on any score sheet, even if an official credits each scrapper with the same number of rounds.

Regardless of what scoring system is used, each ring official, in the U. S., at least, considers the following factors in deciding which fighter wins a round. 1. Who was forcing the fight? 2. Who landed the most punches? 3. Who received the most punches? 4. Who missed with the most punches? 5. Who was winning in the exchanges?

Usually, if a fighter is knocked down he loses the round in which the knockdown occurs. But if he is merely caught off balance it discredits him only a little.

You will add to your pleasure at a fight if you keep your own score sheet and compare it later with the tabulations of the officials. Use a simple round system; then your scoring will not be a labor.

Do not try to write anything on your sheet during a round. Keep your eyes fixed on the fighters. That's important. If you glance away from the ring for an instant, you may miss the knockout punch.

Describe only the highlights of each round in about three lines, written after the round is finished. Make an X at the inside edge of the round in which a fighter is floored. When the bout is finished, you'll have a quick picture that should be clear and accurate.

Three Lessons at Lourdes

Faith found an answer at a dawn Mass at the Grotto

By DANIEL ROPS

Condensed from *Familial Digest**

THEY told me often: you must see Lourdes during the great pilgrimages. But it was in solitude and silence that I first knew and loved Lourdes. The almost empty city, with its closed hotels and deserted shops, made one think of a resort out of season. There were few pilgrims; I saw hardly a half-dozen sick persons, only one stretcher.

The night before, I had noticed a little pilgrimage in procession on the approach to the basilica. The handful of torches bore bravely in line, but they failed to pierce the night. There was nothing in this procession that resembled the picturesque, semitheatrical accounts that I had read of the city of miracles.

The light of a dreary dawn enveloped us. The river Gave behind us lapped the retaining wall of the Grotto terrace. How many were we—20? 30?—scattered on the

gray-green benches that seemed to transform this open-air church into a kind of a town square?

A cluster of candles stood out against the darkness of the grotto where the Woman dressed in white appeared 18 times to little Bernadette. Another cluster, of crutches, with the light of the candles below it, resembled a natural formation of yellow and gray stalactites. The voice of the priest came to me mingled with the sound of the river.

How impressive was that Mass at dawn! In spite of the sharp, cold air, something tender and warm was communicated to the soul.

Perhaps those who have never been to Lourdes go there for the first time with some gnawing uneasiness. To come to that tiny corner of the Pyrenees mountains, to kneel before that statue of the Virgin, means that one is willing to



*31, rue de Fleurus, Paris 6, France. June, 1952. Copyright, 1952.

believe that an obscure little peasant girl did actually see the blessed Virgin and did receive from her a message for all humanity. Nothing less than the solemn assurance of the Church enables one to accept the fact in faith.

If I had come here in other circumstances, in the midst of a great crowd, might I not have been slow to admit the reality of Lourdes? A reasonable mistrust can keep one from being swept away by crowd hysteria. The pressure of the multitudes is sometimes hard to distinguish from the true workings of the Holy Spirit. All the accounts of apparitions and miracles, all the chanting processions in the world, can leave the heart less fired with love than a simple Gospel story.

But in the loneliness and complete absorption of that morning Mass one could forget the forms of human piety and grasp only the force that propells it. One could consider only the end of piety. The spirit of Lourdes presented itself to my soul. What is the real meaning, I asked, of this city, which neither location nor economics can explain? What does the continuous pressing of crowds for nearly a century, the constant journeying of the sick from all parts of the world, represent?

Lourdes represents, simply, the need of the spirit. Some men have thought to explain all of man's behavior by material laws. But at Lourdes, one realizes that some-

thing else is involved. Proof is given here that there are other realities in man just as certain as hunger and thirst, and so essential that man sacrifices time and money to them.

This challenge of the spirit to a materialistic world is the first lesson of Lourdes. Here one finds illustration of the teaching of the Master to the prince of darkness. "Not by bread alone doth man live, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God."

"But," the opposition sneers, "what is so astonishing? The people who come here come not because of faith, but in hope of a miracle to put an end to their suffering."

To interpret Lourdes in such way is to understand nothing at all of it and of the lesson it teaches. The vast majority of believers who come do not ask for physical health but for the assurance of eternal life. And even those who implore relief from bodily pain know well that they can obtain it only by complete resignation to the will of God.

Lourdes is a paradox. Our civilization attempts to eliminate suffering (meanwhile inflicting it more terribly than any preceding civilization). But when, in spite of all precautions, misfortune comes to men, they are bewildered. At Lourdes the end is not the relieving of human pain. Such relief comes only as an added outpouring of divine mercy upon the crowds that

implore it. The real end is to consecrate suffering, to bring it back to its rightful place. At Lourdes, suffering has meaning, because it elevates man instead of crushing him.

Were these two lessons all that Lourdes had to teach? To affirm that the spirit is present in the world, and to bring man back to a true understanding of suffering.

No, there is also a third lesson.

As the Office began, the benches filled with faithful, among whom were the pilgrims of the night before. They were Alsations, driven from their country by war, who had found refuge in Languedoc and Bordelais. Their voices joined

the priest in the first verse of the psalm. The antiphonal singing of the priest and faithful gave me a unique impression of their community life.

Thus I learned the last, most profound lesson of Lourdes. The lesson is in this striving for communion. "For where there are two or three gathered together in my name," Christ said, "there am I in the midst of them." The human heart is willing to be shed of self in order to be part of a vast prayer. One may choose between communal love and destruction. When I return to Lourdes, I shall be lost in a pilgrimage to pray anonymously.

Flights of Fancy



Time stood still long enough to paint itself upon a page of memory.—*Margaret C. Barnes.*

Birds discussing their plans for the morning.—*Rex Stout.*

The onslaught of silence.—*J. F. Powers.*

An oyster is a fish built like a nut.—*Irish Weekly.*

Trees holding their sides with laughter.—*L. M. Parkhurst.*

Civilization: the advance from shoeless toes to toeless shoes.—*Irish Digest.*

Quick admirations breaking out like bush fires in her path.—*Irish Digest.*

The sea seen: Fog brooding along the shore. *Charles Phillips* . . . The sea had the surface and the shimmer of an undulating piece of gray silk. *Joseph Conrad* . . . Sunlight running up the beach on the heels of a cloud. *Frances Patton* . . . The sea licking greedy lips.—*Richard Connell.*

Grandpère sat down with the jerky geometry of age.—*G. L. Howe.*

Stars tangled in a tree.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

When Danny Thomas Entertains

He preaches while he acts, but you would never suspect how

By RALPH LAND

AMOS JACOBS—Danny Thomas to you—strode into the church, lit a candle to St. Jude, and prayed for advice. Would he ever make the grade as a comedian? When?

The answer came—but that's a little ahead of the story. This was in Chicago, during the lean days before 1940. Danny was a stranger in the city; he paused at the church door before entering.

His swarthy, bulbous-nosed, Syrian face twitched with worry. His thoughts were of his wife. Rosemary was going to have a baby. "No work, no money," he intoned to himself. Self-doubts began to stir. Did he really have it in him to make good as an entertainer, or was he just deluding himself?

His life had always been a struggle. He had been one of ten children, eight brothers and a sister. He was born Amos Jacobs (Anglicized from the Syrian Yahoob), in Deerfield, Mich., moved early in childhood, and grew up in Toledo, Ohio.

His father, a candymaker, could eke out only a bare living. As a youngster, after school, Amos had peddled candies in a burlesque theater to help increase the family income.

Amos was smitten by the glamour of acting at the early age of 12. He had gone down to the casting office, more in hope than in expectation, and was chosen for the role of a little French child. His dark skin and air of mystery decided the choice.



The play, *Wake Up Jonathan*, was the only legitimate one in which he had performed. There was another boy in the cast. Amos, as the French child, was faced with conflict, pitted against the other youngster. The fight was over a dog which belonged to Amos, and which the other one desperately wished to take away from him. In the excitement of his part, Amos started to chew up the scenery. The playgoers waxed hysterical. It was this accidental ova-

tion that made Amos think of becoming a comic.

Amos directed a student review at high school in Toledo, progressed to local banquets at \$2 a night, and eventually worked up to making \$6 a night. He reached 20 with stardust still in his brown eyes. It was then that Amos decided to hitchhike to Detroit, to greater opportunities. For a time he found work as a night watchman, and saved enough money to buy himself a presentable suit in which to appear for a radio job. He landed an acting job with a radio station, as an amateur. Known as the Tin Horn Cavalier, he sang songs, but did no comedy. The pay was \$2 a night. Once, he had missed out on a performance. With a date for that same evening, he had depended upon the expected \$2. The result was a broken date.

The very next day a letter came to the radio station. It was written in a scrawl of angry words by the girl he had stood up. Indignantly she asked, "Is that his nose, or is he eating a banana?"

He read the letter over the air the following night. Letters and requests for his picture flooded in. His stock as a comedian spurted up. He began to appear in neighborhood theaters.

During this period, his horizon brightened happily when he chanced to meet a winsome, 14-year-old girl, Rosemary, on a children's radio program. Their inter-

ests quickly grooved together, and three years later they were married.

From then on the climbing became rougher. He wasn't making much headway financially, or achieving recognition. They decided to leave Detroit.

Then the turning point of his life happened, in a small Chicago night club. He finished his stint one evening, and then stood in a corner staring vacantly. Someone nudged him. He gazed into the kindly face of one of the employees, a middle-aged man with gray-streaked hair.

"You look like you're in the dumps, son," the man said, as if measuring his words. "Get out of it, it's bad for the morale." Without further ado, he told Amos the story of his own wife, who had recovered from an illness after doctors gave up hope.

What was her secret? Prayer, from the heart, devoid of selfishness, greed, and hypocrisy. "Here is something for you," he said, handing Amos a picture of St. Jude, the patron saint of the forsaken. "And don't forget to ask St. Jude for a little help. Remember, he helped my wife!"

So here was Amos in church, telling his troubles to St. Jude. The very next day, Amos—he had by now taken on his new name, Danny Thomas, after the first names of two of his brothers—was notified of a job at the 5100 Club, run by Harry Eager. Danny made a solemn vow to build, in honor of St.

Jude, a hospital for needy Negroes in the South, should he reach success.

Within a week, Danny garnered the largest personal following of any Chicago entertainer. Big offers came from other night clubs. Danny said No. He didn't think it proper to desert the man who had given him his break.

Close to the end of that glorious week, Danny sidled alongside Harry Eager with a request. "Mr. Eager," he said, purring with a feigned seriousness, "how about letting me off for one show on Saturday night? I'd sure like to see the night baseball game."

Eager paused, as if weighing the possibilities. Then he shook his head, and replied gently, "Sorry, Danny boy. I just won't be able to spare you."

When Danny appeared that night, he assumed the facial expression which became his trademark. He screwed up his face in mock retribution. Spotting Eager in the audience, he swerved before him. With a hurt look, he bellowed epithets stamped with respectability. He moaned about slave-labor conditions, haranguing Eager into dumbfounded silence. Finally, in the best tradition of his Syrian forbears, Danny wrapped a white tablecloth around his head and emitted a baleful, haunting wail. The place was in an uproar. It was then that he was tagged the Wailing Syrian.

What was meant to be a one-week engagement became a three-year run at the 5100 club, skyrocketing both actor and club into fame.

From then on success trailed Danny. He kept on winning plaudits in leading night clubs in America and abroad: La Martinique, Copacabana, Bill Miller's Riviera in New York, and the Palladium in London.

In the 2nd World War, Danny entertained abroad for the armed forces. In 1944, he appeared on Fanny Brice's radio show, with a memorable characterization of his own creation, Jerry Dingle. Two years later he produced his own radio show. Hollywood began beckoning. He played in *The Big City*, *The Unfinished Dance*, *Call Me Mister*, and his biggest film success, *I'll See You in My Dreams*.

Television came in. Danny's talents were a natural for home entertainment. Quickly he became a TV favorite. Alternating with Ed Wynn, Jimmy Durante, and Jack Carson, he stars on NBC-TV's coast-to-coast *Four Star Review*.

Trying to tickle the public's funybone is quite a job. When Danny performed in the Chez Paree in Chicago, in his earlier days, he lived in a modest three-room walk-up apartment. One day, neighbors curiously asked his wife what work her husband does.

"Danny's a comedian," she announced proudly.

"We thought he was an undertaker," one of them remarked.

Unabashed, she replied, "No wonder. Funnymen are so worried about being funny, they go around looking like undertakers."

What makes Danny Thomas unique? This. He never uses material that is suggestively indecent or off-color; nor banter that might be construed as offensive by any racial or religious group.

A natural mimic, Danny exudes a warmth of understanding when he chatters away in perfect Yiddish, or faultless Italian-American, or in any of a half-dozen other dialects. These he reaped as a legacy in his brother-like contacts with people of widely different national extractions.

Comedy is his business, but Danny has often revealed his philosophic inclinations. He has been labeled "pious" and "preachy" by certain cynical critics who frowned upon his occasional detouring into such subjects as Americanism and equal rights.

Danny says, "I've got a little monster inside my chest that feeds on my reading. I read everything and I love people, so when I see injustice, I have an urge to sing out against it. But I admit the place to do it is not in the middle of a comedy routine. I've learned a good lesson; people come to be entertained, not to be exhorted.

"I haven't stopped preaching!" he appends quickly. "I have just

changed my method. Every time I don't tell a dirty joke, every time I embrace little Bunny or treat a guest with respect I'm preaching."

Danny is a chain reaction of laughs. His patter is a rapid-fire of well-timed jokes. He is unpredictable, sometimes likely to go off on a comedy tangent and josh his TV sponsors, or turn around with a disarming innocence and cut into hecklers with a razor-edged wit. He would think nothing of rounding up a jam-packed night club of 840 guests, circling them about an unsuspecting girl quietly celebrating her birthday with friends, and massing them all into a giant glee club, singing a birthday song.

In every comedian's heart is a secret desire to achieve dramatic roles. Danny Thomas is no exception. He readily admits to being first a tragedian "because my humor is about the misfortunes and failings of ordinary men."

Danny is now established as one of the highest-paid entertainers in show business. But he is ever mindful of the days back in Chicago when he trudged the streets wearily, pennilessly. His reverence for St. Jude has become a dedication, a pattern of living for him. It has crystallized into a resolve to emulate to his utmost the saint who has obtained miraculous succor for countless folk.

When it comes to donating time and talents to charitable causes, he always proves himself "Danny-on-

the-spot." He has entertained at Veterans Administration hospitals in every city in which he had a night-club date. He once worked for 10 days gratis at the Flamingo club in Los Vegas, Nev. The arrangement was for the owner to turn over \$50,000 to the Damon Runyon Cancer fund. Each summer, he sends 300 underprivileged children to Camp Hammond, near Boston. He made a 10-minute film for the Multiple Sclerosis foundation. His favorite charity, the St. Jude Hospital fund, a 1,000-bed hospital for destitute southern Negroes, is growing.

Danny can take any amount of kidding about his nose, which he describes as generous, and a distinction. He says that it is longer by measurement than Durante's!

"Sure I'm fond of my nose," he declares. "It's been mine ever since I was born. We've grown up together. All right, so it outgrew me. It has been my fortune.

"I remember that first time I walked on stage at old Woodward High in Toledo for the first rehearsal of a show a bunch of us kids were putting on. What happened? I was cast in a romantic role, and I was going to win the girl. My nose came out first, leading me behind it. My classmates and teachers rolled in the aisles.

"In Hollywood, the movie pro-

ducers don't see nose to nose with me. They wanted me to have my nose clipped.

"What's wrong with my nose?" I said the first time they brought it up. 'Look at George Washington and Abraham Lincoln,' I should have said. Did they have perforated warts to breathe through? No, sir! The Father of Our Country and the Great Emancipator had beaks. True, not as big as mine, but beaks just the same."

When he's not in New York for NBC's *Four Star Revue*, Danny lives in a beautiful 10-room home in Beverly Hills, Calif., with Rosemary and their three children, Margaret, 14, Teresa, eight, and Charles Anthony, four.

So deeply rooted are his religious impulses that it was a labor of love to Danny when he was chosen to perform on Family Theater's radio network show recently in its presentation of *The Juggler of Our Lady*.

With film star John Lund narrating, Danny Thomas enacted the role of Barnaby the Juggler. The story takes place in an ancient French monastery. The one great talent that was given to Barnaby was that of juggling, and as a gift to our Lady he performed for her in chapel to the best of his ability.

Never did Danny Thomas act with greater heart.

SOME PERSONS think they're hammering another's character when all they are doing is nailing down their own.

O. A. Battista.

Your Suspicions

You can make your life happier if you root out the causes of your distrust

By ADELE and CATEAU DE LEEUW
Condensed from "Make Your Habits Work for You."*



ONE THING that ruins all personal relationships is suspicion. Some persons suspect their marriage partners of everything from infidelity to keeping a separate bank account. He forgets to mail her letter, or she forgets to kiss him goodbye—immediately, the sky turns black.

There are people who suspect their business partners. "Grainger has been seeing some queer-looking characters lately. And he's been having telephone calls that he breaks off if I enter his office. What's behind this?" Yes, what's behind it? Must the explanation always be unpleasant? Why can't he meet with "queer-looking characters?" They could be out-of-town relatives, couldn't they, and not rivals to whom he's planning to sell office secrets? Suppose he did break off a telephone call when you entered; conceivably he was ordering a birthday gift for you.

Some people suspect workmen they have hired of cheating on time or materials; storekeepers of gypping; their friends of betraying

confidences; their children of disloyalty. They are miserable, and their suspicions show, finally, in their faces, in their voices, and in their hearts. And who likes them? Nobody. They don't even like themselves, as a rule.

Suspicion, like nagging, is hard to identify in one's self and harder still to admit. But if you can recognize it, you can rout it. The easiest way to combat it is to cultivate the habit of "I should worry." If you can learn not to worry about what other people do, or say, or think, you will no longer suspect them of imaginary crimes.

Take the case of Carey T., for instance. He had been in business for 18 years, and was enjoying the fruits of his labors. Just when he was beginning to think well of himself, he got wind of the fact that unpleasant rumors were being spread about him.

If people believed these rumors, he might be ruined. He strongly suspected that they were being spread by a young, aggressive competitor, and Carey was "burned

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up." He wanted to go out and throttle this competitor and make him admit the rumors were false.

But he didn't. He let his philosophy come to his aid. "I should worry!" he said, and meant it. "I've no way of getting proof, and if the people with whom I've done business for 18 years have the sense I credit them with, they won't believe that hogwash."

Instead of brooding and sharpening his axe, he worked harder, he bent every effort to improve his product, he went out of his way to extend credit and service. The rumors ran a brief course and died. The competitor lost out and Carey T. was the gainer. When the little war was over, C.T. had more business, and his competitor went into bankruptcy.

In quite another fashion J.G. applied this philosophy, too. Suddenly he found that his home life had changed. When he called from the office he got no answer, and his wife always had a flustered excuse. When he came home early, she was never in. Whereas he had always had delicious home-cooked meals, now he found himself confronted with delicatessen fare or hastily thrown together menus.

He could have worked himself up to a fine state imagining what all this meant. In fact, he started to, but he forced himself to be calm. Instead of saying to himself that his wife had ceased to care for him, that she was having an affair,

he reasoned, "After all, it's summer, and hot in the kitchen; why shouldn't she have some cold, quick meals once in awhile? And if she's out when I call, she's out—that's her business."

He refused to insult himself and her by suspicion. And in due time he found out what it was all about. His wife had taken a part-time job to earn some money to buy him the electric table lathe he'd always wanted and never expected!

J.G. and Carey had refused to be dominated by suspicion, when they might easily have done so. Their refusal gave them an armor through which nothing could enter. And when they had routed suspicion by their firm belief, they were still whole and unscathed.

To get rid of the habit of suspicion, first of all, remember how you reacted when you were unjustly suspected of something you had not done. Almost everything in this world has an explanation, particularly the actions of its inhabitants.

Exercise your imagination a little by thinking of reasonable explanations. If no reasonable explanation occurs to you, come right out with a direct question. People may be startled, but at least they won't be repelled by suspicion. Best of all is the "I should worry" approach to something which rouses your suspicions. To be effective, it must be genuine; and to be genuine, it must come from within.

Fulfilling the American Dream

*"and crown thy good with brotherhood
from sea to shining sea"*

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed from *"The American Dream"**

I AM a Catholic priest, and I like Protestants. They are among my dearest and best friends. They are my fellow countrymen, my fellow Christians, my brothers. I would defend their constitutional rights and liberties with my life.

Many of their ministers have honored me with invitations to address their congregations on certain teachings of the Church in which they were interested. Never have I failed to accept such gracious invitations.

While naturally we do not see eye to eye on all questions in religion, we have much in common. It is high time that we stress these common beliefs and ideals. We all acknowledge the same Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and we are all concerned in preserving the spiritual values which vitalize our democratic society.

I like Jews. They are the people out of whom came the divine Founder of the Christian religion, and are the people upon whom

almighty God lavished many special favors. This people, numerically small, has enriched all civilization with a genius that has blossomed forth in art, literature, commerce, and science.

That good will and cooperation can exist among all the varied races and creeds which make up this nation is demonstrated daily. As proof of this, I know of no better illustration than a story which began 45 years ago in Brooklyn.

On a Friday morning in December of 1907, Solomon and Esther Ueberall opened a little dry-goods and notions store on Myrtle Ave. Esther was only 15. Her husband of three months was 27. What little money they had at the time of their marriage had been spent on the store.

Their first customer that December morning was Father George Caruana, a young priest from nearby St. Lucy's church. He came in to buy a pair of shoelaces. "Father," said Solomon Ueberall as he waited on the cleric, "you look very sad."

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"I should be sad," the priest replied. "The building in which we worship is about to be closed." He then explained that unless he could obtain \$500 by the following Monday, the mortgage on the building would be foreclosed. Since his was a poor parish, there seemed to be no likelihood whatever of raising the money.

As he listened to the priest's troubled words, Solomon Ueberall reached a decision. Like his wife, he was a Jew. But the thought that a Catholic church—any church—could be closed for lack of money was abhorrent to him. "Don't worry, Father," he told his customer, "we'll get the money somehow."

As the priest left the store, Ueberall turned to his wife. "Esther," he said, "I want you to give me your wedding ring and your marriage gifts. I'm going to pawn them. Someday, we'll get them back, but right now we have to raise that \$500."

Esther willingly complied with her husband's request. But when Ueberall took the ring and the wedding presents to a pawnbroker, he could get only \$250 for them. Undaunted, he set out to borrow the remaining money from relatives. Those he approached were reluctant to give it to him.

Time was getting short. He argued. He pleaded. He exhorted. And finally he had the \$500.

The mortgage payment was made. Father Caruana thanked Ue-

berall and promised that someday every dollar would be repaid.

Each Monday for more than four years he appeared at the Ueberalls' store to make a payment on the loan. With him, he carried a pouch filled with pennies, nickels, and dimes collected from his parishioners. The payments were meticulously recorded in a notebook. Finally the day arrived when the last cent had been paid off.

Meanwhile, Esther had regained her wedding ring and gifts. The Ueberalls' business prospered and grew. So did St. Lucy's church. Years passed, but the young Jewish couple and the Catholic priest remained close friends.

Then in 1919 Father Caruana was called to Rome. The following year, Solomon Ueberall suddenly died.

So terrible was the shock of his death that Esther lost her eyesight for more than a year. When it returned, she set about running the thriving family business and rearing her two children, Bernie and Stella.

Gradually the memory of Father Caruana faded from Esther's mind. Then the 2nd World War broke out. Hitler marched into Austria, waving the vile banner of anti-Semitism.

Solomon Ueberall's relatives and former townsmen besieged Esther with letters entreating her to help them reach America before they were burned alive in Nazi death

factories. She helped as many as she could to get visas to enter this country. But soon immigration quotas were filled. No more refugees could enter the U.S.

Still the letters kept coming. Esther sought the aid of the Labor department in Washington. She was told that the refugees could still enter Cuba if some prominent person would sign affidavits vouching for them.

She went back to Brooklyn and spoke to the priest then in charge of St. Lucy's. He gave her a letter of introduction to a Cuban archbishop, and cabled ahead that she was coming.

When she landed at the Havana airport, she was handed a bouquet of roses. Looking up, she saw a Catholic prelate standing in front of her. There was something familiar about his face, but she couldn't identify him. Then he spoke to her.

"Why, Esther Ueberall," he said, "don't you remember me? I'm Father Caruana, the priest you knew in Brooklyn 20 years ago."

He explained that he had since become an archbishop. He would be delighted, he said, to sign the affidavits for Esther's friends and relatives.

With his help, more than two dozen of them eventually reached Cuba. While they waited there for U.S. immigration quotas to reopen, the archbishop not only provided shelter for them, but also

the food and clothing they needed.

"He cared for them beautifully," Esther Ueberall said recently. "He is the most godlike man I have ever known."

A magnificent tribute, indeed. But perhaps no finer than the one that was inscribed years ago on the altar crucifix of St. Lucy's church in Brooklyn: "In memory of our friend, Solomon Ueberall." To this might well be added, "the man who helped to save this church."

The future of America and of the world hinges upon the ability of man to rise above differences of race, creed, and class, and live together in peace, friendship and brotherhood. This is the supreme problem today.

"An important rule for all you freshmen to remember," said the president of Phi Kappa, a Catholic fraternity at the University of Illinois, "is that our closest and best friend on this campus is Acacia. We throw an annual banquet for each other; we work together in campus politics; in fact, we stick together."

"What is this Acacia you're talking about?" blurted out an astonished plebe.

"A fraternity of Masonic students," replied the president. "We started out years ago in neighboring fraternity houses and, though we're in different locations now, we've maintained close relations ever since."

The incident reveals the story of

a unique relationship between a fraternity of Catholics and one composed exclusively of Masons. Instead of being leaders of rival political parties, they have remained for more than 40 years staunch friends and allies in all political activities of the campus.

There is no blurring of differences in religious creeds, no leveling off to the most common denominator. There is a frank and healthy respect for the beliefs of all concerned, combined with a conviction that the staunchest friendships can coexist with the widest differences in creeds. Such friendships have nipped in the bud the twin basis of prejudice: suspicion and misunderstanding. The influence of their example has been far-reaching throughout the whole life of the university, creating a spirit of brotherhood.

The leaders of the various faiths on the campus worked out together plans for courses in religious education and social ethics. When the university officials saw such unique harmony of planning and unity of action, combined with a complete absence of any effort to gain denominational advantage, they conferred academic credit under proper safeguards upon such courses.

Religious foundations surround the campus with buildings of impressive beauty and magnitude, unsurpassed at any tax-supported institution of higher learning in the country. These testify to the far-

sighted educational statesmanship of the university officials, the co-operative spirit of the religious leaders, and the friendliness among the 20,000 students. It was this spirit which prompted the students to picket a restaurant which had refused to serve colored students.

"How can you patronize a place which refuses to serve Herb McKenley?" read one of their placards, which shrewdly capitalized on the popularity of their great Negro sprinter. So imbued are the Illini with the ideals of tolerance, good will, and brotherhood that they are quick to crusade against intolerance in the communities to which they return. Their influence is being felt throughout the nation and their foreign students are carrying these ideals of democracy back into their native lands.

The first and most important rule of conduct then is that we *meet* and *know* one another. This is particularly true for members of different groups. Isolation is the favorite breeding ground of prejudice, which literally means to pre-judge.

When we don't know one another, we are subject to irrational suspicions and blind hatreds. In *The Glass House of Prejudice*, Dorothy Baruch tells the story of José Morales, a Mexican war worker in Los Angeles. José was proud of his war job and happy that he had found work in which he could use his knowledge and skill.

He wrote to this effect to his brother, a professor in the University of Mexico.

After finishing his shift one night, José took the bus home. When he got off at his street corner, he noticed some men standing there. They were strangers. But they were eyeing him suspiciously now and they noticed, as he came under the light of the street lamp, that he was slim and dark.

"Dirty Mexican," cried one of them.

The cry spurred on the others. They rushed at him, tore off his clothes, beat him with chains and iron pipes. They left him half-naked and bleeding. His back was broken. The next morning he died.

Ignorance, kindled by lies, flames into passion which explodes with lethal violence. "In the night," wrote Hegel, "all cows are gray." In the night of ignorance, all members of the despised race are alike. Their nationality alone is sufficient to condemn them. When pre-judgments of this kind are formed, morality disappears; blind passion rules.

Not only in nazi Germany has scapegoating made its ugly appearance. It exists in our own country. In parts of the South, the poverty-stricken white can project his frustrations and anger upon a more well-to-do Negro by joining with night riders and burning the Negro's barn. In some sections, where white supremacy is a carefully nur-

tured sacred cow, he can even walk up to a Negro, punch him, and call him names with impunity.

The California "vigilante's" indolence and thriftlessness can't compete with the industry of the Nisei farmer. The white releases his envy and anger by emptying his revolver through the windows of the Nisei's home.

Scapegoating, as H. A. Overstreet points out, involves four steps down the moral ladder. First is the refusal to discriminate between members of a despised race or class and the insistence upon tarring all, innocent and guilty alike, with the same pitch. Second is the projection of one's anger and hatred upon an innocent victim. Then comes the third step; the justifying of one's actions by lies.

The fourth step down the ladder is to derive self-importance and self-aggrandizement from cruelty. The most revolting parts of the testimony of the nazi war criminals were their repeated expressions of pride in what they had done. Instead of experiencing shame over their monstrous cruelty, they felt a sense of glory. Their moral sensitivity had become so blunted that they were scarcely moral creatures any longer.

How can antagonisms between racial, religious, and economic groups be eradicated? Obviously, education which would bring mutual sympathetic understanding and genuine appreciation is ur-

gently needed. Since the breeding ground of our prejudices is ignorance, we must replace darkness with light. Truth is the best vaccination against the virus of bigotry.

The most effective means of dissipating suspicions between groups is for their members to meet reasonably often and really know one another. There is no problem, no matter how complicated and difficult, which can't be solved when the parties bring to the discussion understanding and good will. Similarly, no problem, no matter how simple, can be solved when good will is wanting.

The Experimental School for Preschool Children at St. Joseph college in Hartford, Conn., under the direction of Sister Mary de Lourdes, is rendering a notable service. It conditions youngsters to feel at ease with those of different creeds and colors. Protestant, Jew, and Catholic, white and colored, learn to play and work together and to like one another.

"We don't want our children vulnerable to rickets, diphtheria or typhoid," observes Sister Mary. "Neither do we want them vulnerable to prejudice."

When Sister Mary engaged a Negro teacher for the nursery school, some of the Hartford parents who had been reared in the South were shocked. But they got over it. A few months later, a mother, raised in Mississippi, remarked, "It *is* a little hard on us,

Sister. But I'm extremely happy that my child will never have to get over what I'm having such trouble getting over myself."

Children are not born with prejudices, but they catch them if not vaccinated early. Social attitudes of children from kindergarten to 2nd grade were investigated over a three-year period by the Bureau for Intercultural Education of New York, the Research Center for Group Dynamics of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Philadelphia Fellowship commission, and the Philadelphia public schools.

The findings are startling. They show that even at this early age "many of the children were saturated with prejudice. Nearly all were tainted in some degree."

"The child infected with prejudice," points out Mrs. Gertrude Hart Day, "is doomed to live a confined life, to build walls around himself, and be a prisoner of his own ill feelings. Such a child never can live at ease. He sends out hatred and thus creates enemies, real or imaginary. He must live in fear of these enemies and under the threat that his own hatred will rebound against him."

The Catholic University of America, at Washington, D.C., opened a new workshop in intergroup education. It was under the immediate direction of Father H. Furfey, head of the sociology department. He assembled a staff of

group leaders who presided over classroom activities and skilled consultants who gave expert advice in special areas of the instruction.

The workshop helped elementary-school teachers concerned with group prejudices in their classrooms and helped college professors planning a course in minority-group problems. It was equally helpful to community leaders plagued by tensions of mixed neighborhoods, and group workers facing specific problems. Such workshops should be set up in all our leading cities. Last summer 19 workshops dealing with intercultural education were held in leading universities throughout the country. The National Conference of Christians and Jews was a pioneer in this movement, and deserves much credit.

The concept of the worth and dignity of the individual man is fundamental to all true democracy. It is a religious conception, the product of the Judaeo-Christian tradition. Because religion teaches that man is a person, a unique spiritual personality, carrying within him

the very image of God, it stands in uncompromising opposition to all tyranny. Because it stresses the great truths of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man it offers the most formidable opposition to fanaticism and cruelty.

Almighty God endowed man with intellect and free will. He does not coerce the actions of man nor curtail his freedom even when he thinks and acts wrongly. If God Himself thus respects man's freedom of religious belief and worship, why shouldn't man?

Religious freedom is not a concession of Church or state; it is an integral part of the original endowment God has given to man.

In America we can transform our differences into opportunities to enrich and deepen our spiritual life. When a grain of sand is lodged in an oyster, instead of vainly brooding over the irritation, the mollusk transforms the grain into the most precious thing within its power, a shining pearl. So can we transmute our differences into the shining pearls of understanding and brotherhood.



Colored Nationality

TO EASE the grip on local shillelaghs, the Irish Coast Lines, whose vessels alternate between Liverpool, Belfast and Dublin, paints the funnel of its steamer *Irish Coast* in the color most appropriate for the port about to be entered. When the *Irish Coast* visits Belfast, on goes the brightest flaming orange paint available, and when she enters Dublin the orange is discreetly hidden with a coat of green.

Ships and the Sea (Aug. '52).

Don'ts for the Hospital

PHOTOS BY HERM NATHAN

*Consider the patient—
Observe these rules of conduct*

HOSPITAL RULES are made for the welfare of the patient and the smooth operation of the hospital's medical and dietary services. Thoughtless visitors may delay the patient's recovery.

A good hospital visitor is cheerful, discreet, and sincere. He realizes that his actions, words, and little omissions will affect the patient. These photographs show the visitor at his worst.

DON'T bring pets to the hospital. Besides disturbing the patient, the animal may carry germs.





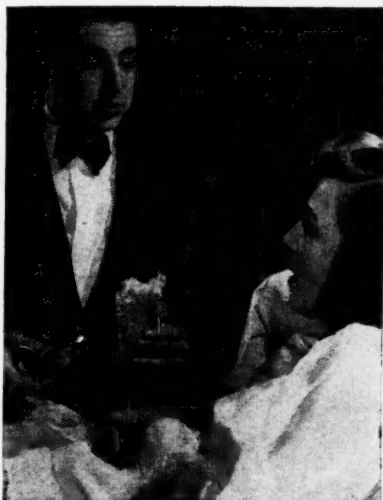
DON'T smoke cigars. In addition to making the patient uncomfortable, the smoke lingers.



DON'T get too close to the patient, who may transmit an infection. And don't talk too long.



DON'T bring children under 12. They are more susceptible to disease than adults.



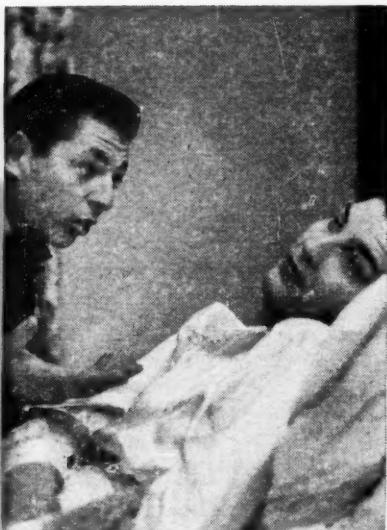
DON'T bring indigestible foods for the patient. The doctor orders a suitable diet for her.



DON'T talk loudly in hospital corridors. Noise disturbs patients who need quiet and rest.



DON'T bring bad news. It may lower the patient's morale, and make her brood after you've gone.



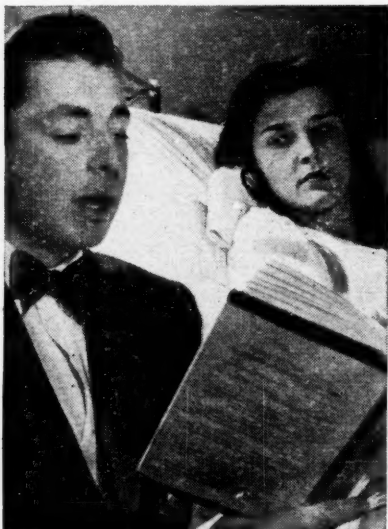
DON'T overstay your welcome. A sick person tires quickly, and needs a maximum of rest.



DON'T bring too many flowers. They occupy table space needed for the patient's medicine.



DON'T use a nurse's telephone—a separate visitor's phone is available for your use.



DON'T read to the patient, but bring her some magazines. Limit your visit to 20 minutes.

*Amateurs made and operated them, and they called them
Lice, but there were no complaints about the*

Little Ships of Victory

By ALAN VILLIERS

Condensed from

*Ships and the Sea**



THE MAN in the Admiralty office looked grim. "They're untried ships," he said, "all-welded. We don't know about their engines. They will have no escorts and there will be plenty of U-boats. We are not sure that they are ocean-going. But we hope they are—you can volunteer."

I volunteered. The job he was offering me was to fly the North Atlantic to the U. S., assemble a group of little ships of a type I'd never heard of, take them across the North Atlantic, and then get on with such operational landings as might be thought necessary. The time was January, 1943, and there were a lot of landings to be made. The little ships were called LCI(L), pronounced *Lice*, though there was certainly nothing lousy about them.

The four-striper sketched their background. The Allies, he said, had too few ships of all kinds and especially too few passenger vessels. The North African campaign was going well, but if it was ever really going to achieve anything,

all the British and American troops engaged in it would have to be ferried across the Mediterranean.

In what? There were no ships. Liners take a long time to build; they can't beach (or shouldn't); they cost a lot. Moreover, they are large targets.

Then some farsighted optimist thought up the idea of the *Lice*. Who that optimist was I have never been able to find out, though I dredged London and Detroit for him. There were no ways, no shipyards anywhere, no skilled shipbuilders, and no marine engines to spare, any place on earth. And there had to be ships which could carry at least 100,000 men across the Mediterranean.

So the ships had to be designed for assembly by unskilled workers, and they couldn't occupy any shipyards. And they had to have some sort of engine not already earmarked for ships.

The *Lice* were designed to be prefabricated, more or less in the shape of a longish orange box. They were to be powered with Gen-

*1027 N. 7th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis. August, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by Kalmbach Publishing Co.

eral Motors diesel bus engines.

So the big fleet of little ships was born. They were mass-produced, and not a line in them was curved if it could be left straight. They were flat-bottomed and round-bowed, with a ramp on each bow which could be lowered to let troops ashore. They were 153 feet long with a beam of about 23 feet, and they displaced about 200 tons. They drew three and a half feet forward (less for beaching) and up to six feet or so aft. They had double bottoms and a multitude of compartments. This made them hard to sink, though they were hurriedly welded by young women, using metal so thin that walking across the decks would give you the willies, for the plates gave. They were sheets, not plates.

Many of the Lice were assembled at Newark, N. J., and others at Quincy, Mass. They had four troop spaces. The early ones were fitted with hard wooden benches for the troops, although the poor wretches were expected to survive a week or so aboard, and that immediately preceding an opposed landing. They were designed to carry two officers and a crew of about 20.

The engine room was the real triumph. The power plant consisted of eight GM diesels, which were geared to a variable-pitch propeller. The Lice could keep moving as long as there was one diesel left out of the eight.

There was a further problem

about the Lice. Where were the drivers? The navigators, the seamen, the motor mechanics, the maintenance men? The answer, unfortunately, was no place. They had to be made, for there was a world-wide shortage of seafaring men of all kinds, and a world-wide clamor for them.

Soon, 150 Lice were assembled and hundreds more were soon to be manned. Three hundred motor mechanics had to be trained fast to get those 150 ships across the North Atlantic. Navigators had to be dug up to make sure they would get through the Straits of Gibraltar. That's where I came in. At the time, I was an instructor stationed in the western Highlands of Scotland.

The first thing was to get a bunch of the Lice together. Most had already made trial runs, to the great consternation of the Staten Island ferries and all the pilots in New York harbor, for the steel shoulders where the ramps ran were effective battering rams. The little ships were already notorious for unpredictable maneuvers.

The motor mechanics were only partly trained. The untrained deck officers had only the haziest idea of the rule of the road and, too often, no sea sense whatever. Props jammed in reverse pitch, in neutral, in ahead; the electric steering, not properly used, jammed at hard over—always hard over, one way or the other.

In addition to the battering rams at the bows, each ship also had two sharp corners on her stern, and the little ships split one another open like sardine cans. There were so many of them that they had to berth in tiers often six abreast. A gang of welders, mostly girls, was kept busy patching them up after they had knocked one another about.

A good many captains had never commanded a ship in their lives. They were dressed as lieutenants; their main qualifications were that they were over 25, could read and write, and were on the right side of the Atlantic. But they meant well and they had plenty of guts.

I got my 24 Lice together, and in due course they were all assembled at Norfolk. At first they were allowed to use the inland waterway, but they did so much damage that they were soon barred. They had to go down outside.

By that time somebody at British Admiralty had discovered that the Lice were remarkably seaworthy vessels. It was decided that in addition to getting themselves across the North Atlantic they must bring cargo too.

I organized a course at once, in a shed on the Norfolk wharves, where every officer had to come and master just three things: the noon sight for latitude, the Marq St. Hilaire position line, and correction of compass by azimuth. This was the irreducible minimum.

I worked out an organization for the 20-odd ships at sea. We would go in five columns, the two outer columns consisting of four ships, and the central ones of five ships. They must not rely upon follow-the-leader stuff; each ship must do its own navigation. (This follow-the-leader piled up more ships in the war than even the mines did.)

When we were nearly ready, a senior brass hat came from Washington with the impression that he was going to inspect the outfit. But you can't inspect what is not inspectable. He went round the ships and hoped for the best, and he searched in vain for somebody who had been to sea.

The admiral went away, looking depressed. But next day he sent me four officers who had been to sea. He had dredged them up somewhere in Washington. I appointed one to each of the ships I proposed to put on the corners of the convoy. Then, full of water, fuel, stores, cargo, inexperience, and unwarranted optimism, we sailed. There were 96 U-boats on the plot between us and Europe.

It was a bit of a shock to many of my young gentlemen to discover that we couldn't just leave and head east. "Your ships look just like submarines at a distance," the operations man had said, "so you'd better keep away from other ships! They'll shoot first and ask afterward. They don't know about Lice. You're on the secret list."

Sure enough, we were fired on by our own side more often than enough. Some nitwit had decided that Lice should carry no recognition data.

It was often impossible to see all the ships even when I knew they were there. Evening after evening, dawn after dawn, I counted the little bridges. Sometimes I had to turn the flotilla around and go back for stragglers. I was glad I had good men at each corner. There were some dopes who just could not or would not keep station at night.

Narrow escapes from collision were commonplace, and almost always the fault of poor watchkeeping. There were more than enough alleged engine breakdowns. Some novice would connect up the fresh water instead of diesel oil, or do something else equally foolish. In the twinkling of an eye there'd be a dead ship to take care of.

For some peculiar reason best known to themselves, the U-boats kept out of our way. There was one grim evening when the radio told us, in code, about a wolf pack that was shadowing us. But there was no attack. I saw nothing of the subs, though any of them could have sat on the surface outside the range of our cannon and cleaned up the lot of us.

I heard afterward that the U-boats did see us. But at the time they were beginning to be alarmed at their increasing losses; they mis-

took us for sub hunters and slunk away. The big whisker booms and the outhaul gear and wires fooled them; they thought these were listening devices.

At last, on a lovely Mediterranean morning, we saw Gibraltar, shining above the morning mist.

The little ships soon showed that they could take tremendous punishment, though now and again the troops must have felt somewhat vulnerable in them. Shells went through troop spaces in more than one Louse.

Salerno was a sticky landing. Anzio went off all right as far as the landing was concerned; it was the build-up afterward that was tough. The Germans had the range of the beachhead perfectly.

By that time, the practically unsinkable little Lice had made a name for themselves far beyond the dreams of their designers. They were used not only for landings but also for ferrying cargoes ashore, taking off wounded, ferrying troops, stores, ammunition, nurses—everything. Their accommodations, never luxurious, seemed good to men operating on assault beaches; and senior officers had a habit of quietly stealing one to live on, claiming that it was defective in some way.

Some Lice stayed in the Mediterranean for the rest of the war. A bunch of them worked for Marshal Tito, in the cloak-and-dagger stuff across the Adriatic. They took jeeps

and ammo and cutthroats of one sort and another, and brought back partisan casualties, often young women.

After Anzio came Normandy; by that time I had 36 Lice, only a few of them the same ones I'd brought across originally. We landed with the rest on D-day, and again the little welded orange boxes showed that they could take it and hand it out. The weather was bad for beaching and the troops took a beating. So did many of the Lice, but we saved most of them.

There followed long months on the Arakan coast of Burma, spells of idleness and working at a hide-out in Palk Straits near Ceylon when the monsoon was adverse, or there where no troops, or the big brass couldn't decide which operation to mount next, if any.

After the Japanese capitulation, the Lice had plenty of work to do. For half a year or so, Lice—some of them still the original ones I'd brought from Norfolk three years earlier—grunted about the swift arms of the Mekong in Indo-China or stood by at Bangkok, or hurried on odd missions down Bali way, to Makassar, to Soembawa, to the Andaman islands, to Labuan and Sandakan in Borneo.

Long before the end of the war there were Lice by the hundreds in both the U.S. and British navies. Later models were given bigger deckhouses and better bridges, though the hulls and the engine

rooms remained the same. They became rocketships, antiaircraft ships, operations and communications ships. Not a landing of importance was made anywhere that they did not take a part, always an important part and often the decisive one. With those other great war-winners, the big LST's, they gave a splendid account of themselves.

As with the ships, so with the men—or the boys, rather—of both navies, who manned them. They did as splendidly as the ships and that is saying something. By the end of the war, when I finally handed my group over at Subic bay, north of Manila, there wasn't a surviving officer or an enlisted man who hadn't taken part in at least three assault landings, and helped to get his Louse over at least 10,000 miles.

As for the little ships themselves, they were a sorry lot when I handed them over. I had to use half to tow the other half all the way up from Singapore, and there wasn't one with more than five engines functioning, though that was simply a matter of spares. But they had done nobly. Not one among them had not steamed, by then, at least 30,000 miles, and landed, ferried, and made more or less violently seasick at least 10,000 military men.

Good ships! They earned their keep. I wish I knew to whom the credit should go for designing them.



The Dope Menace and Our Children

The danger is too great to hide or ignore

By EDWARD J. MOWERY

IN A CATHOLIC DIGEST* article there was the inference that since no parochial-school children had been found to be addicted to dope, teachers and parents should play ostrich and ignore the drug evil.

No course of action could be more wrong. And the only issue is that of right and wrong.

I sounded the first adolescent drug addiction alert in April, 1950, in the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*. It was based upon documented medical reports that post-war shipping had brought with it a flood of illicit narcotics.

In later articles I pointed out that world opium production was 10 times medical needs (approximately 450 tons), that Hitler's armies had dumped huge quantities of drugs in Italy, and that clandestine heroin plants had been reactivated in Europe and the Middle East. Heroin, the terror drug, is an opium derivative and is outlawed in the U. S.

New York, world's largest port,

quickly became the focal point for dope smuggling and transshipment to other American cities.

Boys and girls nearest the source of supply became the first tragic victims. The teen-age addiction in New York rose to 20 times what it was before the war. Children in their early teens were flooding the psychiatric wards of hospitals. They were dying in hallways.

Dope addiction became a scourge in Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, Washington, New Orleans, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and the smaller communities that fell into the orbit of national drug rings. Addiction carved a path of debauchery across economic, religious, and racial boundaries.

Courageous agents of the Federal Narcotics bureau tried desperately to whittle at the rising dope traffic with their pitiful manpower. At the same time, city-police narcotics squads tripled their forces.

The New York City school system, after nine months, awakened to the crisis. The authorities produced a syllabus and course of

*Feb., 1952. Page 1.

study on the evils of drugs for use in elementary and high schools. This was in accordance with a state law requiring that such instructions be given.

In the CATHOLIC DIGEST article, Harry J. Anslinger, U. S. commissioner of narcotics, was quoted as being against such education. "I cannot overemphasize the folly of letting children know too much about the use of narcotics," he said.

But consider the case of an eight-year-old boy, who first attended a New York parochial school before switching to a public school. He has been hospitalized as a user of marijuana. His mother told me that he was beaten by teen-age pushers and made to use and sell reefers. Twelve children recently apprehended as heroin users and peddlers mingled freely with parochial-school pupils in the Bronx.

Two 16-year-olds were beaten by vicious pushers when they refused to peddle heroin to other adolescents from 11 years up. The body of a 16-year-old girl addict was found on a Connecticut estate. More than 350 adolescent drug users were treated in New York hospitals last year. One was 13, nine were 14, 33 were 15, and 68 were 17. Fourteen teen-agers died in the same period, and current narcotics arrests in New York are almost double 1951.

Who inspired the assertion that educators who instruct their youthful charges on the horrors of habit-forming drugs "teach drug addic-

tion"? Certainly not the bar associates, penologists, legislators, medical authorities, and educators from coast to coast who have made exhaustive, painstaking studies of this vicious problem.

Atty. Gen. Nathaniel L. Goldstein of New York, whose 121-page report to the state legislature resulted in the passage of many bills to fight the dope evil, commented, "Education can and must be made a prime factor in our battle against drug addiction. Proper education under proper direction constitutes a vital contribution to the attack on the spreading evil of dope addiction."

Charles J. Tobin, secretary, New York State Catholic Welfare committee, revealed that parochial schools throughout the state have made "strenuous efforts" to carry out the education-law mandate relating to instruction in the narcotics evil. In one diocesan school system, he disclosed, *The Case Against Opium, Cocaine, and Marijuana* has been incorporated in a health and safety series of lectures in elementary schools.

Msgr. Joseph V. S. McClancy, superintendent of schools for the Brooklyn diocese, which embraces four counties, declared, "Our teachers and principals have long been alerted to the dope menace and we have maintained for some time a preventative curriculum embodying instruction in the narcotics evil under our health course. We have

a doctor's service and our children (173,000 in high and elementary grades) undergo a daily health inspection.

"We've found no dope users to date, but we have our fingers crossed, and we're always concerned that this terrible menace may touch our enrollment."

Msgr. John S. Middleton, secretary for education of the archdiocese of New York, called the dope-peddler situation deplorable.

"The recent scandal about narcotics addiction among our youth," he asserted, "frightened the public out of its blindness, lethargy and complacent indifference. Crime and corruption are always repulsive to mentally and morally responsible individuals. But the story of youth deformed, degraded, and demoralized by perverted peddlers of vice inflames to righteous indignation every decent, self-respecting American."

Monsignor Middleton said it is "singularly significant" that the drug menace has so far by-passed schools where "religious motivation is given for moral conduct." He added, "When the religious motive is replaced by a vague abstraction we should not be surprised if youth is unimpressed. The reality of an all-seeing and all-loving God; the sense of personal responsibility to God; the existence of moral law as God's law and the duty of all humans to obey it; the certainty of a future life, these and related funda-

mental truths must not be excluded from the 'business hours' of our youth in school.

"No one will reasonably deny the all-important moral element in the drug problem. The wise and prudent instruction of our youth on the devastating effects of drug addiction is given most effectively in a moral, spiritual, and religious context. If we would train our youth to be moral, let us teach our youth at least the basic truths of religion."

American parents have been sold down the river by apathetic officials charged with keeping these venomous hypnotics out of the U.S. There isn't an ounce of opium grown in the U. S., and the domestic flower-pot variety of marijuana has the potency of a 5¢ cigar.

We have stupidly thought that opium-producing and processing nations would forego part of their profits from opium alkaloids made from poppy straw. But America has been played for a sucker.

In the last 40 years, the U. S. has been signatory and prime mover in the adoption of eight international conventions relating to narcotics traffic. It has begged opium-producing countries to limit their harvests to legitimate medical needs. It has asked them to tighten the controls of international quotas. It has urged them to establish a monopoly for the exclusive purchase and sale of narcotic drugs.

I have explored this issue with

the United Nations delegates from Yugoslavia, Iran, Free China, Turkey, Britain, and Italy. There's just no common meeting ground between idealism and the almighty American dollar.

The world opium harvest is currently sufficient to adequately supply the needs of 20 million addicts. Little Iran alone has approximately 10,000 acres in opium. Britain, through its crown colonies, Straits Settlements, and Federated Malay States has flourished on the misery of entire nations in its quest for opium dividends. Both China and India are spewing huge opium cargoes into international traffic.

On Jan. 8, the UN Permanent Central Opium board, meeting in Geneva, reported to the Economic and Social council that "a quantity of 333 tons of raw opium has disappeared" and "diacetylmorphine is escaping" from Italian factories "into the illicit traffic."

From Alaska comes the news that police officials have pleaded for a halt of the flow of illicit drugs to this key American bastion. The narcotics commission didn't even answer this appeal.

The country of Iran "lost" 333 tons of opium, enough to supply the world's medical needs for 10 months! And 164 kilograms of heroin (diacetylmorphine) worth \$34 million to the American underworld at the sidewalk level, "escaped in the illicit traffic."

No realistic American doubts

that these tremendous stocks of drugs will filter into the lush dope traffic that is plaguing our country. And there is no possible way to halt it.

Our customs border patrols were decimated two years ago, for economy. The Federal Narcotics bureau has 300-odd agents to curb the international dope traffic from coast to coast. The customs foreign service has been pared from 50 to 11 agents. Dope is cascading in.

Meanwhile, coast-guard boats are "escorting" incoming freighters in New York harbor to prevent them from jettisoning illicit dope into the arms of gangsters on junk boats. Customs agents are pier-hopping in the endless rat race with smugglers. And New York City has opened a completely new hospital for the torture-racked adolescent victims of the dope scourge.

The jurists, religious leaders, legislators, and educators, however, will get assistance in the battle against teen-age addiction from a quarter they haven't anticipated.

S/Sgt. Michael Russo and his 46 buddies of the 67th tactical reconnaissance wing of the 5th air force, stationed near the communist front lines at Taegu, Korea, have been reading of the plight of American kids in the "other" war against addiction. Russo passed the hat among his buddies (from 23 different states), and forwarded \$100 to Arthur J. Carney, president of the New Jersey Narcotics Defense

league. Russo is from New Jersey.

"From what I've witnessed here in the Far East and the lack of control exercised," Russo wrote, "I can see the importance of your narcotics league and how it affects the youth and other would-be users of our state and nation.

"In one day of campaigning, I collected the enclosed sum (in \$1 and \$5 notes) from the officers and enlisted men of my outfit who are also interested in aiding your cause. As soon as peace terms are settled here and my enlistment is completed, I intend to return to my

home and devote a good part of my time to the work being done by the narcotic league.

"I've been greatly interested in narcotic suppression, and since I've been in the Orient I've seen the opium dens, the marijuana smokers, and the Japanese 'crazy shot,' cocaine. I want to help any way I can."

A great philosopher once described *shame* as "the dying embers of virtue." I hope Russo and his heroic buddies have shamed red-blooded Americans to act to save our children.

My Brother Was a Drug Addict

Love, prayer, and penance achieved the cure

By CHRISTINE LOWELL

Condensed from *The Catholic World**

OUR HOME had always been a comfortable one. My father and mother were deeply attached to one another; my oldest sister, a nun, my married sister, my only brother, and I—each knew we possessed a secure place in our parents' affections. We all enjoyed the security that love alone can give.

At first, I did not know the reason for the cloud that seemed to settle down upon us. I began to notice that my mother, who had been a plump little body, began to lose weight; my father, who had been

lost in his reading every night after dinner, could not seem to settle down with book or paper; they both held private conferences which would cease when I entered the room.

Our dinner hour had always been a pleasant affair, father and mother listening with unabated interest to the reports that my brother and I would bring home of our day's activities.

The group at the table had become smaller. My brother began to come home at any hour and all

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hours. Some nights he would be in such wild spirits that our quiet home seemed to be turned into a circus; at other times he would go to his room and lock the door without a word to any of us.

The cloud thickened, and at last I was taken into my parents' confidence. They had come to the conclusion, the right one, that my brother was taking some kind of drug. The question then arose, what was it? Where was he getting this drug?

My brother's eyes gave the answer to the first question. The pupils of his eyes were reduced to pinpoints; inquiries suggested that this indicated morphine. The answer to the second question proved to be a doubly sad one. No furtive criminal was supplying my brother with the drug; there was no need to follow him to any slum.

As arranged by my mother, I followed my brother on one of his hurried exits from the house. Before long, to my amazement, I saw him mount the steps of the home of one of our local physicians. I returned to my mother, who, already dressed to go out, awaited me. We were asked to sit down in the doctor's waiting room, but, instead, my mother pushed open the door of the doctor's office and arrived in time to see my brother hand the doctor a check, the injection having already been given him.

Did I say that it was no furtive criminal we had been seeking?

Furtive and craven indeed was the look of that man when my mother accused him of his crime. His defense? That he had had to give my brother large doses of morphine during a simple but painful operation he had performed on him some months previously; that now he was trying to break him off from his dependence upon the drug.

His defense might have stood up, for a brief moment at least, were it not for the fact that my brother's returned checks from the bank revealed that the doctor had accepted hundreds of dollars from his victim within a period of a few months. My parents took no step against the wretched man. His fellow physicians in town saw to it that his shingle soon disappeared, and he as well.

But what about my brother?

If there were an agent of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics on call at that time, we did not know of him. A dear friend of the family, a physician in the near-by city, was consulted. He recommended an institution to which my brother could go, but warned my parents that the cure if made would not be easy nor quick. When this course was presented to my brother, he positively refused to go.

Perhaps my mother's most outstanding characteristic lay in her unwavering Scotch faith in the power of God. "Ask, and you shall receive," meant to her exactly what

the words say. Her prayers were unceasing. The most outstanding characteristic of my brother was to be found in his warm, loving, responsive nature.

My oldest sister was the nun. When she learned of the tragedy that had struck our family circle, she sent for my brother. He agreed to see her. No one else was present at that meeting. Years later I learned of what had taken place.

The tie between the oldest sister and our only brother had always been a close one. Let her brother stay a victim to this degrading and soul-destroying vice? As long as he was held in the grip of this evil, she, his sister, would mortify her flesh with a shirt of penance; instead of rising at five as was the rule, she would ask permission to

rise at four, and there, on the cold chapel floor, she would intercede with God to give her brother the strength and grace to throw off those terrible shackles.

Love won out. What the kind physician, our family friend, had told us could not be accomplished outside of an institution, was accomplished within our family walls. No word of reproach was uttered; favorite dishes were temptingly prepared to nourish a sick body; endless were the walks on which father and son set forth as my brother's health slowly came back to him.

Not until years later did my brother tell me of that interview within the convent walls. "You don't think that, sick as I was in body and spirit, I'd let our Mary suffer like that for me?"

The Franciscan Type

CATHOLIC BIBLE WEEK will be observed Sept. 28 to Oct. 5 in this 500th anniversary year of the Gutenberg Bible. Sponsors of the observance emphasize three points.

1. John Gutenberg, who printed the first Bible from movable type, was a Catholic. Moreover, he was a Franciscan tertiary.
2. The Gutenberg Bible was a Catholic Bible.
3. The Gutenberg Bible was the beginning of the Catholic press.

* * *

ANOTHER Franciscan, Bishop Juan Zumarrage, was the first to bring the printing press to America in 1539.

* * *

FATHER IRENAEUS HERSCHER, a Franciscan, librarian of St. Bonaventure university, was highly pleased with the news that the Post Office department would issue a special commemorative postage stamp September 30 in honor of the 500th anniversary of the first printed book—the Bible. For more than a decade, Father Herscher, through a sort of one-man campaign, plugged for the stamp in talks with students of the university and through communications with government officials.

The Roads the Incas Built

The Indians of Peru had not yet discovered the wheel, but their engineering meets modern standards

By VICTOR W. von HAGEN

Condensed from the *Scientific American**

Victor W. von Hagen is the author of The Four Seasons of Manuela and numerous other books about the history and archaeology of South America.

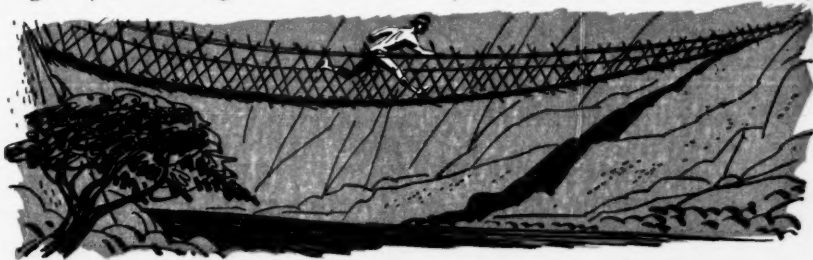
THE BRIDGE of San Luis Rey, which snapped its cables on the morning of July 20, 1714, and hurled a company of travelers into the gorge of the Apurimac river below, was part of a road system that is one of the wonders of human history.

The 200-foot suspension bridge and hundreds of others like it had been built by the Incas of Peru to extend their roads over their mountainous empire. The Incas had a network of 10,000 miles of paved highways, stretching from Chile to

Colombia and from the Pacific across the Andes to the jungle headwaters of the Amazon. It ranks with the road systems of Rome and Persia.

All great conquerors have been great road builders, and when an empire dies, its roads may be its most durable monument. The Inca highways may yet answer many questions about Inca civilization. Scholars may learn more about its engineering, commerce, geography and politics. Within a few months an expedition under my direction will begin a two-year exploration to study the ancient Peruvian roads.

There was a 400-year period before Napoleon reconstructed the Roman roads in Europe, when the royal road of the Incas was the only



*Vol. 187, No. 1, July, 1952. Reprinted with permission from *Scientific American, Inc.*, 2 W. 45th St., New York City 36. Copyright, 1952.

good highway system in the world. For centuries Europe was literally bogged down in mud. In South America during that same period Inca couriers were carrying messages from Quito to Cusco, 1,500 miles, in five days. The Peruvian roads were built by a people who had never heard of the wheel. The Incas built the greatest footpath in history.

The system was built broad, straight and solid, and it carried heavy traffic: llama trains laden with produce and gold, soldiers on their way to the boundaries of the realm, relays of messengers trotting on a schedule not unlike the pony express of the American West.

The main system took the form of two parallel turnpikes: one along the ocean, the other high in the mountains. The two roads, running the length of the empire, were connected at intervals by laterals that knifed through the hills over terrifying grades. The coastal road, 30 feet wide, ran 800 level miles through a desert so dry that rain falls there only once in 25 years; it was bordered on either side by a waist-high wall of sun-baked adobe to hold back the drift of sand. The mountain road, about 15 feet wide, traversed territory of such overpowering difficulty that its engineering feats were not duplicated until the railroad builders of the 19th century opened up much of the same region.

The Inca road builders followed

SCIENTISTS have come to the conclusion that the old Inca architects far surpassed the modern. At Cusco, where a severe earthquake ravaged the city of 50,000, neither the Coricancha, ancient Inca temple of the sun, nor the two-story Tombomachay baths, nor any other Inca monument suffered any ill effects. The houses, churches and engineering works built by the white men were shattered. The ancient Cyclopean-looking walls still rise above the yellow earth in massive trapezoid or polygonal blocks, completely unharmed.

*Alce De Montmorency
in a NANA feature.*

a simple rule: ignore all obstacles and follow the shortest route. Over a marsh the road would become a causeway. Some causeways are still in use. When the road came to a lake, it was securely floated on balsa pontoons. When it came to a chasm, the engineers flung up a bridge. They made no concession to steep rock walls; when they encountered one, they tunneled right through or cut steps and went over the top. And all this was built in a clime as inhospitable as the moon, at an average altitude of about 13,000 feet, where the thinness of the air exhausts men and the glare of the sun on the snowcaps blinds them. The labor gangs that built the road were drafted from the villages along its route, and the state

levied a special tax (in produce: the Incas had no money) for the road's maintenance.

Perhaps the greatest achievements of the Inca engineers were their suspension bridges. These spans look gossamer frail, but they were strongly made of six-inch fiber cables anchored in solid masonry and laid with a floor of wooden laths lashed together and covered with coarse matting. In the paved sections of the roads near cities, the paving blocks, laid without mortar, were fitted so perfectly that a knife blade could not be forced between them.

At intervals of four to 12 miles along the entire 2,000 miles of the system, the engineers put one-room wayside houses, like the refreshment stations along today's turnpikes. These were always stocked with food, and kept in repair. There was also a separate chain of posthouses, maintained for the royal messengers, who were specially selected and trained to travel at high speed in the rare atmosphere.

In 1545 a young Spanish soldier named Pedro Cieza de Leon rode the length of the main road and kept a travel diary. He began his journey at Quito, near the northern terminal, and traveled south 2,000 miles over the mountain route, stopping nights at the roadhouses. He describes the houses as being "the width of 21 feet and the length as much as a horse's gallop, all made of stone, embellished with huge

wooden beams, over which a straw-thatch is laid with much skill."

He found that where the "mountains were rocky, the road was made in steps, having great resting places and paved ways which are so strong that they will endure for many ages." Approaching the bridge of San Luis Rey over the Apurimac, the road was "much broken by mountains and declivities so that those Indians who constructed it must have given much labor in breaking up the rocks and leveling the ground, especially where it descends to the river. Here the road is so steep that some of the horses, overladen with gold and silver, have fallen and been lost. There are two enormous stone pillars to which the bridge of the Apurimac is secured."

The Incas were originally only one small tribe among many. In the 11th century they began to expand. By the year 1200 they had moved into a large fertile valley north of their birthplace and had built their first city, which they called Cusco. There the dynasty of the Incas was established, and from their capital they spread out steadily for 300 years. One after another, the smaller Andean tribes tumbled into the empire, until by 1500 the Incas controlled a vast region, now occupied by Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, and substantial parts of Chile, Argentina, and Brazil.

They built their cities mostly of stone. They perched fortresses on

the mountaintops, and from the profits of empire they raised sun temples with exteriors faced with beaten gold. They greatly extended the fertile terraces on the slopes of the Andes, and built large, complicated irrigation systems to water them. Granaries, against famine, were spotted throughout the realm.

Wherever the Inca extended his empire, his road followed the conquest. It became at last a gigantic network weaving the disparate regions of South America—the desert coast, the high Andes, and the humid jungle—into a unity of empire.

All the great roads of antiquity are somewhat akin: they were all royal roads, built at the command of the ruler, dedicated to the service of the ruler, and traveled upon only by permission of the ruler. Roads began to appear in Asia Minor soon after the wheel was invented around 3500 B.C.

The Romans were the greatest road builders in the ancient world. As early as 500 B. C. Roman tracks and gravel beds were common, and by 100 B. C. the double pressure of conquest and commerce had developed the system to the point where highways spread throughout Italy, Asia Minor, and into the kingdom of the Franks.

The Roman roads and the Inca roads were much alike: both systems had night stations at approximately the same intervals, both were kept up by public levies, and

both were so well constructed that extensive sections of them today provide the beds for modern highways. However, unlike the Romans, who allowed everyone to travel freely over their highways, the Incas reserved theirs for royalty; common people traveled on them only at the monarch's pleasure and had to use separate toll bridges.

Like the Romans, the Incas built their roads primarily for conquest, then for tribute, and finally for commerce and communication. In the end, their superb highway system became the avenue for easy conquest of the Incas themselves. The Spanish invader found the roads an open route to the heart of the country.

After the coming of the *conquistadores* in 1537, the main Inca road fell rapidly into disrepair. Its destruction was begun by heavy Spanish ox carts (for which the road was not intended), was continued by the beat of horses' hoofs, and was made permanent by lack of upkeep. The Spaniards were interested primarily in the laterals that would take them quickly out of the mountains and down to the rivers and the sea.

When Cieza de Leon traveled over the road eight years after the conquest, Cusco was still the center of Inca culture and the main source of wealth for the Spaniard. It was also the hub from which the road's branches spread out through the empire. The land, Cieza de Leon

noted, "was called *Tahua-ntin suyú*, literally, *the-land-of-the-four-directions*."

Toward the end of his journey, this conscientious soldier burst out, "I believe that since the history of man has been recorded, there has been no account of such grandeur as is to be seen in this road which passes over deep valleys and lofty

mountains by snowy heights and over falls of water, through living rock, and along the edges of furious torrents. Oh, what greater things can be said of Alexander or of any of the powerful kings who have ruled in the world than that they have made such a road as this and conceived the works which were required for it!"



And the Next President?

John Adams, who died at 90, lived longer than any other President.

Abraham Lincoln didn't grow his beard until after his election as President.

Grover Cleveland waited until just shortly before convention time to announce that he was a candidate for re-election.

Chester A. Arthur was the first President to employ a valet.

The honor of appearing on currency of the highest denomination goes to Woodrow Wilson. His likeness appears on the \$100,000 bill.

Thomas Jefferson penned some of his letters left-handed, some right-handed; he was ambidextrous.

Presidents besides Abraham Lincoln who were born in log cabins include Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Millard Fillmore, James Buchanan, James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur.

Two Presidents were bachelors when elected, James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland.

Ten Presidents have been generals—Washington, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, and Benjamin Harrison.

James Madison was the first President who habitually wore long trousers while he was chief executive.

The color Alice blue was named for Alice Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt's daughter.

Roman Catholics have run for the Presidency of the U.S. only twice: Charles O'Connor as an independent Democrat in 1872 and Alfred E. Smith on the Democratic ticket in 1928.

Harold Helfer.

Taxes Hit Home

Housewives must learn the facts and act to protect their families

By JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

EVERY TIME you put your hand in your pocketbook," says a lady at the supermarket check-out counter, "Uncle Sam does too." She has just paid the 20% federal excise tax on a jar of cold cream. "Thank God they haven't put a tax on bread yet."

The clerk smiles at her to ease the pain but says nothing. As a college senior majoring in economics, he thinks, "Lady, you don't know the half of it! There are 151 taxes on it."

Most people grumble about excise taxes because these are usually added by the retailer when he sells tires, home appliances, light bulbs, sporting goods, photographic equipment, lighters, pens, matches, phonographs and records, playing cards, radios, adult toilet articles, jewelry, furs, leather goods, alcoholic beverages, and cigarettes. They can't go to a movie without seeing the tax clearly marked on a little sign in the box office. Nor can they join a club without having one slapped on their dues and initiation fees. This sort of thing is a tax they can *see*. This is a bite they can *feel*. They *know* what they pay in federal and state direct income taxes, real-

estate and personal-property taxes, and state and local sales taxes.

But the taxes they don't know about, the so-called hidden taxes, really gouge them just as much. This year these little no-see-um taxes will cost every single American family close to \$1,000, in addition to all the other taxes it must pay! This is a jump of about \$300 per family in sly taxation in less than three years, over and above the boosts in known taxes and social-security assessments.

Much of the reason, of course, is that in 20 years the federal-government payroll has swollen from 600,000 civilian employees to more than 2,603,300 (July 1, 1952). To carry on the business of government these people use well over 400 million square feet of floor space. That is the equivalent of almost 200 Empire State buildings, each 102 stories high. Before a lick of work is done it takes a lot of rent and maintenance just to keep a plant like that going.

Defense expenditures apart, the situation becomes clearer in a simple but shocking comparison. In 1929, when the entire national budget was \$3 billion, federal ex-

penses were less than two-thirds of the personal income of everybody in California. Today the government spends more than the total income of everybody west of the Mississippi.

Who's footing the bill? Big corporations? Don't kid yourself. They pass on to you, the consumer, as much of the tax load the government hits them with as they can. They have to, in our economy, or go out of business.

The corporations themselves don't like this situation. Asked if a 50% cut in their income taxes would cause a sharp drop in the price of cars, all automobile makers but one said Yes. "A corporation must price its products so as to make a reasonable return after taxes in order to survive and grow," said Ford's executive vice president, Ernest Breech. "In the last analysis, income taxes are just as much a cost of doing business as payroll."

Well, then, could the men with huge incomes carry most of the tax load as individuals? Former President Herbert Hoover answered that one almost three years ago. He said that if all incomes over \$8,000 a year were appropriated it would still cover less than 10% of federal spending.

Only last year a former under secretary of the Treasury, Roswell Magill, made an even more ominous statement. He is now president of the Tax Foundation, an independent research organization

with headquarters in New York. He said the confiscatory gesture of a 100% income tax on everything over \$10,000 a year would bring the Treasury only about \$3½ billion. To get even \$10 billion it would be necessary to take every nickel everybody earned over \$4,000 a year per person!

The government isn't getting from taxes more than a small fraction of the money it spends each year. Those excise taxes don't give it a much larger fraction, either. Well, where does the money come from, then? Right out of mom's pocketbook. She is the buyer for the American home. She is also paying the bill for Washington and the world.

So serious is this situation that the Tax Foundation is waging a campaign to "take mom behind taxation's iron curtain and give her a startling picture of the maze of taxes affecting the ordinary things bought by the average U.S. citizen."

What's mom supposed to do, once she has that picture? For one thing, exercise her power at the polls on election day. Then, if those she votes into office don't get a move on, she is expected—between washing and feeding the children, cooking the meals, cleaning the house, and so on—to keep after her duly elected public servants until they cut down on the shocking waste of our tax money. "Louisa May Alcott wrote some

pretty fine books with kids clinging to her skirts," says a Tax Foundation official, "wrote 'em on the dining-room table. Letters to congressmen and senators that can help keep the country from going broke should certainly be within reach of today's housewives."

Here are some of the facts.

There are, or were at last count, 502 separate taxes concealed in the price of a child's pair of shoes. On a cake of soap there are more than 154 taxes. At least, this is the last figure the Tax Foundation, working with figures supplied by the Treasury department and the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue, was able to arrive at.

Car owners who think the average federal and state tax of $5\frac{1}{2}\%$ on a gallon of gasoline covers the whole tax are sadly misled. In each gallon there are more than 201 hidden taxes, every one of them passed on to the consumer.

Careful research discloses the presence of at least 100 direct taxes tucked away in the business of producing and marketing a single egg at your corner grocery.

Not counting local bites, there are more than 116 federal and state taxes woven into every man's suit, whether he pays \$35 for it or \$235. The same is true, proportionately, of women's and children's clothing. The retailer does not itemize these taxes on his price tag, of course. Why should he add to your grief? He has enough trouble staying in

business and paying taxes as it is.

The number of hidden taxes on a new car runs well above 250. They amount to more than \$500. They are a big part of the reason why the \$1,000 family car isn't likely to stage a comeback tomorrow.

The cruelest cut of all, perhaps, for milady is the presence in any new hat she buys of more than 150 hidden taxes. The Tax Foundation took a new bonnet at random in a New Canaan, Conn., milliner's shop and did a thorough, but not complete, study to show what these hidden taxes are.

The ribbon maker in New Jersey paid a federal corporation-income tax, a federal stamp tax on security transfers and issues, a 15% local and 25% long-distance federal communications tax on phone calls and telegrams, a 3% federal transportation tax for hauling his raw materials, a 20% federal tax on the firm's safety-deposit box and his employees' social-security tax, eight taxes in all.

The haulage firm that took his ribbon to the jobber paid federal corporation, phone, social-security and safety-deposit-box taxes, four in all.

The jobber paid the same taxes as the trucker, plus the 3% federal haulage tax. That made 17 taxes paid before the ribbon got to the hatmaker.

The hat studied was decorated, as many hats are, with artificial flowers and a strip of veil. Six fed-

eral taxes were paid by the flower maker. The importer of the veiling paid eight. Straw used in the body of the hat involved another importer, who also paid eight federal taxes.

The hatmaker paid seven federal taxes. His salesman's 15% transportation tax was one of these. Another trucker, hauling the finished hat to the jobber, paid four taxes and the jobber paid five. Railway Express hauled the hat to Connecticut and paid five federal taxes, as did the little milliner's shop. From ribbon mill to retailer: 65 separate hidden federal taxes. All were added to the price milady would pay for the hat. Otherwise, everybody along the line would lose money.

The tearful researchers (some of them ladies) from the Tax Foundation dug up in addition 44 state taxes and 43 local taxes from mill to hat shop. Included were head-splitters like franchise, gross earnings, trucking, property, corporation, gasoline, motor-vehicle-registration, license, inspection, and unemployment-compensation taxes at the state level. Locally there were property, license, inspection, occupancy, sales, electricity, telephone, and telegraph taxes. The taxes paid on the fabric that went into the ribbon were not gone into.

In a similar research job done on the taxes in a fur coat it was found that the only things in the whole chain from north woods to 5th Ave. that were not taxed were the

rabbits—and they lost their skins.

Anybody planning to build a new home, no matter how small, will run up against at least 800 hidden taxes, most of them just below the surface. To recite even a digest of the research details would fill one entire issue of this magazine.

You don't get around it by paying rent, either. The man who built and owns your house or apartment building had to pay those 800 taxes and goes on paying others. He passes it along to you in the size of your rent. Otherwise, like the corporations, he has to go out of business.

Government is gobbling a chunk of the national income already well in excess of the 25% that economists call the inflation level of taxation. Yet we are seriously in debt and going deeper all the time.

"One way to keep from going into debt," says Roswell Magill mildly, "is not to spend so much."

He means: call a halt on the rat race that forces each member of the House and Senate to grab every stray million he can for his own state and district. He means: start with your own representative, your own senator. Tell them to think of the nation first, then of the voters. Most of them in their hearts would like to.

He means: junk the tricky calendars for congressmen that cost taxpayers \$6,000 a year, which is the total annual income tax of 27 of

our \$4,000-a-year families. Quit building fancy ski runs in the Alps with federal funds. Get tough with NATO countries that soak us \$12 a day for the use of port facilities where we are unloading American materials for the defense of Western Europe—\$12 a day per American sailor and longshoreman on the job, that is. Jack up federal agencies that squander \$13.39 to process a purchase order, whether they're buying a Diesel locomotive or a single copy of a national magazine. Let the heat of taxpayers' indignation melt the lard from over five dozen separate agencies now dupli-

cating one another's work in compiling statistics.

The Kremlin is counting on our national debt, already top-heavy, to crush us. In an ensuing depression, it is prepared to leap.

It reckons without our Molly Pitchers with pens, though. The Tax Foundation feels that American homemakers, hardest hit of all by ruinous taxation and government waste, can play a major role in putting a stop to this economic insanity. They must do so, in fact, if they hope to see their families fed and clothed with better than crusts and rags.

This struck me

In these days of revived interest in the Church's liturgy, many Catholics attend daily Mass. Many, many more would do so did they but realize the tremendous significance of the Holy Sacrifice and its effect on their daily lives. Spiritually invigorating is the comment Myles Connolly puts in the mouth of Dan England praising this "one great drama since time began."*

MORNING MASS is a morning song as well as a morning sacrifice and good for the soul. It is a time of detachment, and offers the perfect hour not only for prayer but for orientation.

We are all racing toward eternity, and in that morning hour we can take time out, so to speak, to have a slow, quiet look at our distorted selves and our crazy world—and see both in placidly proper perspective. A great simplification takes place, and lucidly, even radiantly, we see the things that matter. Morning Mass is a matchlessly healthy and practical way of starting the day.

As soon as the news gets about, I expect all the psychiatrists will be prescribing morning Mass for their patients, whatever their belief or lack of it.

*In *Dan England and the Noonday Devil*. Copyright 1951: Bruce.

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]

Carving a Mountain

Gutzon Borglum gave his heart as well as his talents to America's colossal shrine of democracy.

By ROBERT J. CASEY and MARY BORGLUM

Condensed from "Give the Man Room"*

GUTZON BORGLUM, the sculptor, arrived for the first time in the Black Hills of South Dakota in September, 1924. He was met by State Historian Doane Robinson, who had written to him to interest him in carving a mountain in the Black Hills. Robinson had seen photos of the projected Stone Mountain Confederate memorial near Atlanta.

Searching for a suitable mountain, they entered the Hills near Harney peak through pathless, rugged, almost impassable timber and tree falls. Borglum was looking for a granite cliff, 500 feet in height towering another 500 above neighboring cliffs. It must lie at such an angle that the main wall would

face the southeast, and there should be enough of fairly even, unbroken stone to provide at least an acre of upright surface for carving.

The wall had to face southeast because the figures would be cut on it to face the sun. It looked like an almost impossible requirement.

The party had been two weeks in the open, clambering up and down over seemingly inaccessible mountains, when they suddenly came face to face with Mount Rushmore. Gutzon knew that, barring serious cracks in the rock, this cliff was the one he had been seeking.

It rose 6,200 feet above sea level, 500 feet above the surrounding cliffs. From it one looked out over



*Copyright, 1952, by Mary Borglum. Reprinted with permission of Bobbs-Merrill Co., New York City. 326 pp. \$4.50.

a horizon, level and beaten like the rim of a great cartwheel, 2,000 feet below. The Rushmore elevation is the highest elevation of granite, except near-by Harney peak, between the Rocky mountains and Europe.

The right mountain had been discovered. There remained the twin problems of getting the means to carve it and a majestic design to put on it. Borglum decided to build a memorial symbolizing the creation and extension of the great republic, the forming of its government, the saving of its political union, and the completion of the dream of Columbus, a water route through to India, the Panama canal.

The characters he chose for the carving were four: Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence; Washington, who made the visions of Jefferson practicable; Lincoln, who preserved the union; and Theodore Roosevelt, who was chiefly instrumental in building the Panama canal.

The sculptor made a small model of the group in San Antonio in 1926. When he returned to Rushmore the same year he made an enlarged plaster model of Washington's head on a scale of an inch to a foot. By this time he had determined to make the heads 60 feet high; his previous thought of 30-foot heads he found to be completely out of scale with the mountain. For several days he crawled about the cliff and valley

studying the points he had marked on the mountain in red paint with a six-inch brush.

The enlargement of the Washington head was made in an old log cabin more than two miles away from the Rushmore cliff. Plans were afoot to raise money for the vast work, but that summer, at least, nobody was able to find it.

Then, Calvin Coolidge came out to look at the West. Coolidge came out to the Game Lodge, 30 miles southwest of Rapid City, chiefly because Senator Peter Norbeck suggested it and carefully laid the way for him. Norbeck was one of two South Dakotans who was really enthusiastic about bringing the Harney region into national interest. Norbeck and Gutzon were friends who believed in each other's magic, and Gutzon was a friend of Calvin Coolidge. There isn't any doubt that the carving of Rushmore ceased to be idle conversation when the President arrived and hiked the three miles up to see the hill.

Coolidge was impressed. "We have come here," he said, at ceremonies Aug. 10, 1927, "to dedicate a cornerstone that was laid by the hand of the Almighty. We cannot hold our admiration for the historic figures which we shall see here without growing stronger in our determination to perpetuate the institutions that their lives revealed and accomplished."

Calvin Coolidge, for once in his life, had been deeply moved.

"Look," said the President abruptly, "who's paying for all this?"

"Well," answered Gutzon, "the Rapid City Commercial club has been taking care of the preliminary expenses. And since the Mount Harney Memorial association has been formed, some money has been raised in the Black Hills and the state generally."

The president sniffed. "You'll not go far on that," he said. "The people of South Dakota can't even pay the interest on their farm mortgages. When I get back to Washington I want you to come to the White House."

Funds were exhausted in December, 1927, and work stopped until Congress appropriated \$300,000 in 1928. One of Coolidge's last presidential acts was to set up the Mount Rushmore National Memorial commission. The plan was to match the congressional appropriations.

Some people remember 1929 because of renewed hope that the great memorial would be finished. But more recall it as the year that started the big depression. Contributions came in slowly; then they stopped.

But Gutzon Borglum went on carving his mountain. And as the years went by he became blaster, geologist, practical miner, and, very definitely, an engineer.

When Borglum first used dynamite

for carving on an earlier project it had been taken by the world as a fantastic idea. But there was no hesitation about its use on Rushmore.

The sculptor had blast experts who knew what could be done with a six-inch stick, or half an ounce of it, or with a percussion cap alone. And they had to be in touch with the design of the whole monument to avoid the chance of an overcharge at one point injuring stone at a distance.

Drillers developed such a skill that the sculptor could block out a nose within an inch of the finished surface, shape the lips, and grade the contours of the neck, cheek, and brow. He could even shape the eyeball as a whole, but the defining of the eyelids and the pupils was done by drills, air tools, and by hand.

The sculptor's first concern was the position of Washington. He put in days studying the surfaces, shadows, reflections and the course of the sun; and eventually he chose the place where Washington's head rises today. It was the best spot on the mountain.

In roughing off, the workers had to remove 15 feet of rock before they found a hard, undamaged surface. This was done in the summer of 1927. Blasting was not resumed until 1929.

Work on Washington taught them how to proceed quickly with other figures. It established meth-

ods and the arrangement of scaffolding for hoists, determined tools, and provided a labor gauge.

The first preparation for carving was drawing on the mountain an oval of the required length and width. This oval was divided into three sections, one at the line of the eyebrows, one at the end of the nose and a third at the end of the chin.

The work on Rushmore was done from swing harnesses made of a leather-covered steel frame. The men were buckled into them. Thereafter they might be bumped or fall, but they could not get out without unbuckling themselves. The swings were suspended at the end of a 300-foot steel cable from a winch on the top of the cliff. They were housed in a shack on Washington's head.

Ordinarily, the practical method would have been to determine precisely where in the cliff the head was to be located, then fix the model at the same angle; next, to begin at the top, peel off the rough stone and finish as you went down. That's the way any good mechanic or engineer would carry on such work, relieving the features, finishing as he descended and using the stone shelf that the work always left under his feet to stand on.

But this was a work of art, not of mechanics. Each day they carefully surveyed the rough-blocked face. When they reached the chin line they were 30 feet in from the

original granite cliff. There they stopped and built a scaffold from chin to forehead. It was then June, and an unveiling was scheduled for July.

But presently the Rushmore commission hadn't any money to pay to anybody. There were arguments and misunderstandings, and the superintendent resigned. After that the full burden of the work fell on Gutzon. He moved with his family to the Black Hills and built a studio some distance from Rushmore at Hermosa.

But the head of Washington was officially unveiled on July 4, 1930. The rest of the cliff was unchanged, and Washington's chin seemed to rest on the ledge from which it had been carved. But when the great flag swung aside to reveal the sculptured face, the witnesses felt that from then on the memorial would never die.

Borglum, tired, dejected, almost conquered by a world where nobody ever seemed to want to do anything, was pleased. A head was finished on Rushmore, and the duller of these laymen looking at it knew that it was a finely done piece of sculpture.

In the spring of 1930, trying to get from Rapid City to Keystone with two cars and tow aids, Borglum had been ditched six times. He never got to Mount Rushmore that week. However, he did get to the telegraph office and sent word to President Hoover that the roads

were impossible and that he would shut down the project unless conditions were improved. Hoover sent the message to Gov. William J. Bulow, who in turn made an appointment for his state road commission to meet the sculptor that week.

Within three days they had planned the beautiful road now leading from Rapid City to the memorial. Strange as it seems, South Dakota spent \$480,000, plus a quarter of a million on other roads, to reach a monument on which she had not spent a dollar. Meanwhile, Senator Norbeck with his Custer State Park commission was working on a road approaching Rushmore from the opposite direction by way of Iron Mountain.

The Iron Mountain road is one of the country's finest examples of what can be done with economical engineering. One of the features of the highway is said to have come by accident. Work was started from the south and presently struck a mountain that had to be tunneled. The hole was surveyed with no plan save to keep it in line with the approach already built. When the miners finally broke through they were looking into the face of Washington on Rushmore. The two remaining tunnels were cut at the same angle, framing the memorial with a showmanship worthy of Gutzon Borglum himself. Borglum was intensely pleased. "Iron Mountain road," he said, "is as

much a work of art as the carving of the mountain."

The year of Washington's bicentennial, 1932, witnessed the shut-down of work at Rushmore for lack of funds, which seemed to the sculptor an unforgivable disgrace. Borglum occupied himself with regrouping the models in the studio. It had disturbed him to have the figures as close together as in the original composition, and now the group had been opened up by putting Jefferson so far inward that it gave room for the sun to pass back of Washington and light Jefferson's face. The flaws in the rock which had made this necessary appeared a blessing in disguise.

After 1932 the work dragged on with frequent interruptions. Workmen complained of the daily climb to their stations 1,500 feet with a rise of 500 feet, resulting in a working time loss of from an hour or an hour and a half for every man on the job. Approximately 75% of the roughing out had been completed and 35% of the finishing. The work had taken 22 months and employed an average of four to six drillers.

A new phase of the work began in 1934 when the federal government assumed the whole burden of financing. Congress passed a second appropriation, of \$200,000. There were those near Mount Rushmore who said it was about time.

Accurate estimates of the time required to finish the work were im-

possible because of the constant shifting and reconstruction of design. The stone on Mount Rushmore, although the best in the Black Hills, offered interesting surprises. Some new reddish substance appeared on Lincoln's cheek. Silver and tin crystals were found at the end of his nose. The feldspar crystals on Rushmore are unusually large and add to the difficulties. This was especially true on the lapels of Washington's coat. Jefferson's head had to be slightly turned so that the poor stone came in the hollow between his cheek and nose and could be removed entirely.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt was present at Rushmore on Aug. 30, 1936, for the unveiling of the head of Thomas Jefferson. At this time the work on the Lincoln face had advanced enough to show his eyes and part of his nose. It was pushed on so that on Sept. 17, 1937, the 150th anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution, this head also was ready for unveiling.

The Lincoln head was dedicated on schedule and for the first time a Rushmore program was carried by radio broadcast to the entire country. Taps sounded from the distant heights. The trooper who blew the call was suspended from the side of Washington's head.

During the rest of 1937 much work was done on the Roosevelt head. As a model for Theodore Roosevelt, Borglum used a bust that he had made during the President's

lifetime. There was trouble finding stone enough. He had to go back 120 feet in the rock.

In 1938 there was a tremendous rush of tourists who could hardly be accommodated. Congress appropriated \$300,000 more for the comfort of visitors and the finishing of the carvings.

Presently all human troubles had been wafted away from Rushmore, and briefly the atmosphere was filled with the sweetness and light that Gutzon had foreseen. As the park was landscaped and the carving of the mountain went on with effortless speed, nobody could remember the charge that Gutzon Borglum was hard to get along with. He was a keen observer, but he was temperate and he was polite.

Borglum died suddenly on March 6, 1941, in Chicago. He had given a political speech a few nights before. He was in severe pain, yet he stood for more than an hour to deliver an impassioned plea for faith in America and the principles of personal liberty on which the government was founded. He was plainly ill at the close. He died the next day. Rushmore had done his heart no good.

Despite the report that he was making his fortune in the Black Hills, he died thousands of dollars in debt. Borglum's son Lincoln knew what details were still lacking on the almost finished figures on Rushmore. The commission, with the concurrence of the Park

service, designated him to finish the work. Lincoln refused to make changes other than those indicated on his father's models.

Borglum was one of this generation's most accomplished showmen. He took the jibes of the newspapermen with good grace. And he gave them back the same way. Some reporter, trying to spur him into a

grand speech, asked him if he would call the figures on Rushmore as perfect as they might be. The great sculptor shook his head. "Not today," he said. "The nose of Washington is an inch too long. It's better that way, though. We are slowly approaching perfection. It will erode enough to be exactly right in 10,000 years."

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I was about ten years old when I met Father Carlyle. He was a wonderfully kind man, never too busy to talk to a small Protestant brat. I knew nothing about him beyond the fact that he seemed to be a swell guy who somehow or other had gotten mixed up with the wrong Church. Only once did he mention religion to me and that was to tell me that some day I would be a Catholic.

His prophecy haunted me for years, and I resisted it with increasing frenzy. With great eagerness, I looked for excuses for not becoming a Catholic.

Finally I found the supreme excuse. It was a book called *Thirty Years In Hell*, and was written to expose the Catholic Church. The author was a former priest, and this, to me, was the last authority. I read a chapter and rushed to Father Carlyle. I wanted him to know that I was wise to it all.

Father Carlyle and I reviewed the entire book. When we were finished, I burned it, and asked to take instructions.

Father Carlyle could understand my initial antagonism. He had gone through a similar experience himself. He, the founder and first abbot of the Benedictines of Caldey, founded his monastery as an Anglican and later brought his Community into the Church.

Later, the excommunicated author of *Thirty Years In Hell* returned to the Catholic Church and retracted everything in his book.

Vernon M. Cunningham.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

You must use tact, forbearance, and prayer to

Make Your Marriage Click

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed from

*"Making Marriage Click"**



A RINGING of the door chimes, coupled with a pounding on the door, aroused me from a sound slumber. The alarm clock registered 2 A.M. What could bring a caller to a rectory at such an hour? Dressing quickly, I rushed down the stairs.

There stood a middle-aged man, his face white with fear and his eyes wide with terror. "Father," he pleaded, "will you come out to our flat? I've had an awful quarrel with my wife. She said that she's through with me for good; she's leaving. Only you can save our home. Will you come?"

"We love each other," he continued, as we groped our way through the dark streets. "Our home life would be all that we could wish were it not for outbursts of anger. I have a hot temper. I fly into a rage at the least provocation, say things that cut and hurt. Then we find ourselves fighting like cats and dogs—we," he added wistfully, "who love each other more than anyone else in the world."

It was my first "sick call" and a tough one for a newly ordained priest of 23, with no experience in settling domestic squabbles. For an hour I pleaded with the wife to give her husband another chance; I reminded her of the Master's counsel to forgive as we expect to be forgiven. I recalled their solemn marriage vow to take each other "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part." At last she capitulated, and agreed to give her erring spouse "one more chance."

Then I had the couple kneel. Holding a crucifix before them, I had them hold up their right hands and repeat these words: "I solemnly promise on my word of honor that under no circumstances shall I ever speak a harsh, angry, ill-tempered word to my wife . . . to my husband. So help me God!"

Thereupon they sealed the promise by kissing the crucifix and kissing each other. That marked the turning point in their married life. They recaptured the lost bloom of

their wedding day and held it until the end of the trail.

That happened 36 years ago. The insight it gave me into the causes of domestic strife has been deepened by the experiences of the intervening years. The habit of speaking cutting words will ruin the most promising marriage and turn love into loathing.

Since that night I have taken every bridal couple aside, immediately after the wedding ceremony, and said this to them: "In an impressive ceremony, you have just pronounced your vow of conjugal fidelity, and I know you will keep it. There is another vow which is scarcely less important in safeguarding the happiness of your wedded life. I almost hesitate to suggest it to a couple who have just plighted their deathless love. It is implicit in that vow, of course, but it is well to make it explicit. Promise each other that no matter what difficulties or differences arise you will not speak an angry word to each other.

"Right now you can scarcely conceive of differences arising between you; but they will arise, for you are only human. There is no difficulty, no divergence, no matter how serious, however, which can't be settled if you will bring to it mutual understanding and good will, and, holding hands, talk it over in a calm friendly spirit.

"Are you willing then to promise that no matter what provocation

may arise you will never stab each other with sharp words but will discuss any differences in a calm friendly manner?" Never have I had a couple refuse.

Then I have them pronounce the second vow of matrimony in words but slightly changed from those uttered by the couple on my first "sick call": "I solemnly promise always to speak in a kind, friendly, and affectionate manner to my beloved wife (husband) and never to utter an angry, mean, bitter or spiteful word that would hurt and wound her (him). So help me God!"

My whole ministry has been spent among young people on the campuses of three universities, Illinois, Oxford, and Notre Dame. For nearly 40 years I have mingled intimately with tens of thousands of young people at these three large universities. I have listened to their problems; heard the cry of their hearts reaching out wistfully for friendship and love; introduced thousands of young couples; married great numbers; and followed them in their enlarging family life. Never have I heard of one such marriage hitting the rocks nor even being clouded by serious domestic strife.

What newlyweds need is a technique which will enable them to preserve the splendor of their love amidst the raucous realities of a tough world.

Few realize that harsh words are

the termites that can undermine the foundation of a happy home. Because words are such little things, briefly spoken and so quickly gone, don't minimize the destructive power which lies in their bitterness. They are like atom bombs in the violence of their destruction. "I can readily forgive," a wife remarked to me, "the thoughtless actions of my husband, which have now and then embarrassed and mortified me, but I can never forget the names he called me, not if I live to be 100."

Is not the vow against harsh words easily forgotten? No, because the occasions to remember it will be too frequent. In disagreements, words of abuse crowd the mouth, which is the doorway from the heart, like bad spirits clamoring to get out and do mischief. The problem occurs too often for the remedy to be forgotten.

"Father," said a young husband to me recently, "will you help Margie and me patch up our quarrel before it ends in divorce?"

"How did it start?" I asked.

Ten Commandments for a Happy Marriage

By John A. O'Brien

1. Thou shalt make thy promise of mutual love and loyalty a vow to God, binding until death.
2. Thou shalt abstain from the angry word which wounds more deeply than a sword.
3. Thou shalt respect the personality of thy mate and not seek to dominate or tyrannize.
4. Thou shalt allow no in-law to interfere with the running of thy home.
5. Thou shalt abstain from drink where alcohol is a danger to either party.
6. Thou shalt make a family budget and observe it.
7. Thou shalt eschew pettiness, nagging, selfishness, jealousy, and false pride.
8. Thou shalt grow in consideration and love each day and share thy interests and pleasures to a maximum.
9. Thou shalt love thy children as God's supreme gift and rear them to be good citizens with a sense of honor, tolerance, and fair play.
10. Thou shalt kneel together in prayer each night, knowing that the family that prays together stays together.

"I blurted out a harsh criticism of her cooking, comparing it unfavorably with my mother's. Margie left in a huff for her mother's, and took the baby with her. Now her mother is lined up against me. She hangs up the phone when I call. That was five days ago. I've been beside myself since, unable to eat or sleep."

His eyes were red from crying, and he made a pathetic picture as he stood fingering the rim of his hat.

When I called on Margie, her eyes were red also; her boy of two was calling for dada. She, too, was finding that separation, instead of easing her pain, had intensified it. Yet such are the strange mixtures of love and stubbornness that she was determined not to return until Joe begged her to do so. Like so many others, she was not going to make the first move.

"Margie," I said, "Joe is out there in the auto. He has something he *must* say to you."

Joe's message was a simple one. "Margie," he said, "I was at fault. The comparison was unfair. I'm sorry. Please forgive me."

Before I left, the couple knelt before a crucifix and made the solemn promise never to speak a harsh word to one another but to make their suggestions in a kind manner.

When people hear that the couples I marry remain together, some retort that this claim is possible only because my faith forbids di-

vorce. But the Church does not forbid separation; it is not only divorce that I have to fight but also the breaking of partnership, estrangement, and the wrecking of the home through prolonged separation.

There are also some who feel that an explosion of anger is a relief to the feelings, a purge, good for body and soul. Such admirers of tantrums have misread both modern psychology and medicine. The damage done by emotional hurricanes is not confined to the object of wrath but to the wrathful person as well. In loss of adrenalin, in disruption of nervous force, in various ways, mental and physical, frenzy can weaken us, body, mind, and soul. Of course, it is equally destructive to swallow grudges and then nourish them quietly, but we can rid ourselves of resentments without blowing up like a volcano.

People will receive almost any suggestion if made in a friendly manner, but they will bristle with porcupine fury if it be shouted at them. An angry word provoked a quarrel between Donald and Edythe, married only seven months. When the dispute subsided, an atmosphere of sullen tension ensued. Both pouted in obdurate silence, each waiting for the other to make the first peace maneuver. This had gone on for three days when Edythe phoned me to intervene.

"We're both miserable," she said, "and the situation is becoming in-

creasingly ridiculous, if not tragic. Two persons living together, and yet not speaking. Each is waiting for the other to break the ice. And as time goes on, it only freezes all the harder."

"I haven't come," I told them on arriving, "to decide who was in the right or wrong when this quarrel arose."

"The mark of an adult is the willingness to clear up a misunderstanding as quickly as possible; to say, 'I'm sorry. Please forgive me' or 'Let's wash out the incident and forget about it.' If such bickerings, followed by sullen silences, are allowed to continue, they will wreck your marriage."

I had them kneel and solemnly promise to avoid the angry word and seal their pledge with a kiss.

The technique of preventing such situations is in the observance of the simple rule: exclude the angry word.

Nagging is another threat to marital happiness. It is quarreling in low gear, and, when it gets rolling, it tends to slip into the second gear of downright annoyance, and ultimately into the high of explosive anger and bitterness.

"When are you going to fix the latch on the screen door?" nagged Barbara. "It's banging open and shut every time the wind blows." Then, with mounting irritation, she added, "This is only the *fiftieth* time I've told you about it."

"Yes," growled Oscar, "I heard

all about that before. I hear it every evening as soon as I get home from work. In fact, I'm sick and tired of hearing about it. I'll fix it when I get good and ready, and not before."

Here is the igniting of the fuse that may sizzle until it reaches the powder of anger and explodes in a blast of burning words.

How much better if, instead of nagging, Barbara had gotten out the screws and screwdriver, and said with a smile, "Oscar, how about fixing that old screen door while I'm whipping up a strawberry shortcake, with plenty of whipped cream on the top?"

Ten chances to one, Oscar would have broken in with, "It's a deal," and have gotten busy at once.

Nagging words achieve little more than exasperation on the part of the nagger and annoyance on the part of the one nagged.

Another threat to domestic peace is pouting. It is closely akin to nagging in its capacity to cause vexation. While the nagger resorts to scolding words to annoy, the pouter turns to silence to manifest her irritation. Sulky, sullen, glum, she becomes a wet blanket to merriement and pleasant family life. Because she simply sulks and pouts instead of frankly stating her grievances, she is often much more difficult to deal with than the nagger.

"If there's any one thing that gets my goat," blurted out Joe, "it's pouting. I'd rather have Marilyn

come out with her grievance, and let us talk over her gripe, than to carry on like a self-crowned martyr. I can't take it much longer. Our marriage is petering out because of these silly tantrums which I can't deal with because half of the time I don't know exactly what caused her to go into her tailspins."

It was a blunt indictment, but a needed and timely one. Marilyn took it well. "I'm afraid it's true," she said, "I got into the habit as a child. I haven't outgrown it. But," she added with a smile, "I shall, for I know it's the way a spoiled child acts."

Perhaps even more than the nagger, the pouter is apt to develop the martyr complex. She imagines herself misunderstood, unappreciated, treated badly, and retreats into the closed world of her own imagining, where make-believe is substituted for reality.

Pouters and their marriages die the miserable death of slow strangulation, strangled by their imaginary grievances.

Among the causes of pouting, relationships with in-laws rank high. Not infrequently a mate is bored and peeved by the too frequent intrusion of the spouse's relatives into the domestic picture. Hesitant about uttering frankly critical remarks about them, a wife often has recourse to sullen silence to show her displeasure.

The second half of the vow to abstain from angry words is to talk

over differences in a calm, affectionate manner. But with whom can an angry wife talk? With her husband! Talk it out together. Husband and wife should share their grievances against each other in loving sympathy, a paradox in which lies peace and happiness.

The habit of angry speech, of flying into a rage, will ruin any home. Testifying in a divorce court in Los Angeles, Mrs. Smith told of her husband growing angry and scolding her for not removing a little spot from the wall.

"My husband repeatedly told me I was a poor housekeeper for not removing the spot," she testified. "Then one day he decided to get some soap and water and remove it himself. He rubbed at the spot, but it only became larger.

"So he got some more soap and rubbed some more, but the spot just grew and grew and he got madder and madder. I just stood watching, and that seemed to irritate him more. So finally he shouted angrily, turned, and slapped me."

Mirrored in miniature in that hapless spot on the wall is the role of the angry word in wrecking each year hundreds of thousands of marriages. Of the approximately 450,000 divorces granted annually it is estimated that more than half could have been avoided if husband and wife had refrained from angry bickering and talked over their differences in a spirit of mutual understanding, tolerance, and good will.



Survival in Spain

The scars of war remain, but beauty lives on in the customs of the people

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

YEARS AGO, my son John, who at the time was doing post-graduate work at the University of London, spent his spring vacation in Spain. For some reason that I have forgotten, if I ever knew it, he went to Tarragona for Holy Week. Perhaps there was no special reason—perhaps it was what we usually call “through a happy chance,” but which I have come to believe is through part of a divine pattern, that he went there.

Tarragona is not generally included in a stereotyped itinerary, even though it is a convenient place to break a journey between Barcelona and Valencia, quite aside from its great attractions; Seville, where John could quite as easily have gone, is the far more usual objective of visitors to Spain during Holy Week.

However, it was to Tarragona that he went, and I shall be everlastingly thankful that he did; for

I have never forgotten the glowing way in which he wrote of what he had seen and done there; and when I was mapping out my own line of travel this year, I decided that, even at the risk of leaving other cities unvisited, time must somehow be found for a short sojourn in this one.

The drive between Barcelona and Tarragona is in itself a delight and offers an almost unbelievable variety of scenery, considering the short distance, barely 100 miles. At first, the road is flanked by orderly rows of trees, planted so close together and reaching such luxuriant growth that their verdant branches form an archway overhead and, even on the hottest day, the broad highway which they roof has the shadowy coolness of a latticed arbor. Beyond this leafy passage, a fruitful countryside stretches off toward distant hills in a succession of orchards.

Then comes a sudden change: the road begins to twist and turn as it ascends a mountainous slope, bare except for the low scrub growth among the tawny rocks. But you soon learn that, in their own way, these stark hills are as productive as the lush landscape you have left behind you.

The composition of the rocks is such as to make it peculiarly fitted for the manufacture of cement; and as your road twists downward again, the air, hitherto crystalline in its clarity, is suddenly permeated with a white powder through which you see an immense factory, close to a little cove where small, quaint boats are riding at anchor while they await their cargo of cement. After that the road again rises to encircle a deceptively barren-looking mountainside; when it writhes its way down again, you are in sight of Sitges, the favorite week-end resort of Barcelonians.

Sitges is the proud possessor of an excellent beach, a number of good hotels and a long line of rather rococo villas fringing the water front. But its vogue as the center of fashion goes back only a comparatively few years; and its real charm, for my companions and myself, lay in the older part of the town, which is built upon a hill, with narrow winding streets and houses flush to the pavement, whose grilled doorways lead to flowering patios within.

Most of these houses are white—

a white which would be almost startling in quality were it not relieved by abundant greenery; and those at the street corners are, without exception, adorned by colorful tiled plaques, set into their dazzling walls. These plaques, however, are not so placed for ornamental reasons—or rather, that is not their primary purpose; they are Sitges' characteristic street signs!

Each sign is inscribed with the name of the street which it marks; but this name is so embellished with a decorative frame of landscapes, seascapes, animals, ships or whatever is most appropriate under the circumstances that, at first, the visitor does not realize the plaques have a utilitarian purpose! For instance, the island of Cuba, the caravels of Columbus, and an imposing number of saints are thus vividly depicted. In no other place, not elsewhere in Spain, or even in Portugal, where I have always hitherto felt that tiling reached its greatest degree of perfection, have I seen anything to compare in pleasing originality with these street signs of Sitges.

THE CARNATION is a flower which is immensely popular in Spain, and which is developed in numerous species not grown in the U. S. Sitges lies in a locality where its culture has been particularly successful, and its annual carnation show, which lasts for several weeks, attracts visitors from far and wide.

We were fortunate enough to see this exhibition, though not at its best, for it was nearing its end, and many of the choicest specimens had passed their prime.

Even so, the taste with which the entries were arranged and their enormous number and variety were very impressive; and as we left the show we saw the preparations for the use of this favorite flower in a still more significant way. It was the eve of Corpus Christi, very generally called, in Spain, "the Corpus," which does not seem to me a particularly pleasing term. It is the custom, in Sitges, to prepare the way for the procession by patterning the pavements with flowers, not merely to scatter rose petals before the monstrance, which of course is a fairly general practice, but to transform every street through which the Host is to be carried by putting a floral overlay, carefully designed, upon the pavement.

Each householder is responsible for the portion of stone surface in front of his dwelling place, and each proudly shares the responsibility of all in making the entire undertaking a thing of great beauty. So preparations begin well in advance; and as we went through this exquisite little city, we saw everywhere young people who were carrying great open baskets of carnations, swung between couples, from the places of purchase to their homes, in order that the petals might be in readiness for the loving

handiwork that was to come next.

We left Sitges with infinite regret. Only the realization of what was still ahead of us, before our journey's end, reconciled us to departure. Again the aspect of the landscape changed; we were in the midst of olive groves, vineyards, and wheat fields. It was a countryside of great beauty, both the beauty which belongs to a land because God has made it so in the beginning and the beauty which has come to it through the industry of man.

Nothing could be more erroneous than the widespread conviction that the typical Spaniard is essentially indolent. The Spanish farmer (and, to a great degree, Spain is an agricultural country) labors early and late, for the most part with little monetary reward, by American standards, and with tools so primitive or so antiquated that only an American of ripe years would ever have seen them in use at home and then very seldom. Not until we were within ten miles of



Madrid did we see modern machinery in the fields.

In that beautiful countryside between Sitges and Tarragona men were cutting wheat with sickles, and blindfolded horses were going round and round in the treadmills which raise water from the wells, a bucketful at a time. There would have been a sadness about it all if there had not also been such a touching evidence of patience, perseverance, and endurance.

But the evidence of all these was present, and sympathy was engulfed in admiration. For ten long years, Spain suffered from drought; last year rain finally came again, in sufficient quantities to relieve necessity, though not in abundance. Meanwhile, the Spanish farmer survived; I could not say how. But this much I can say: only a people of heroic mould has in it such a capacity for survival.

TARRAGONA is not glimpsed from afar by looking down on it, as Sitges is. The great cliff on which it stands rears itself up above the vineyards, the olive groves and the wheat fields in mountainous proportion; and it is crowned with so many domes, turrets and towers that it seems all the loftier. But in spite of this monumental character, it is not a city severe of aspect, like Toledo, for instance.

I think this is partly because, as you approach it, you see a memorial garden on the slope at your

right and directly ahead of you, the *Paseo de Santa Clara* which borders the great cliff and overlooks the sea; also partly because its *Rambla* (main avenue) is so spacious and sunny that it counterbalances the effect of the narrow shadowy streets which lead to it; and still further because, inevitably, you think of Tarragona in terms of color even more than in terms of shape, size or substance.

The sea on which you look down from the *Paseo* is an even deeper shade of sapphire than the sky above it; and the tawny texture of the buildings is touched with a rosy hue which gives them warmth instead of the gray tinge which makes them cold. This is especially true of the cathedral, where the façade, even at nightfall, is as luminous as the afterglow in the sky.

This same luminosity floods its cloisters, the most spacious and the fullest of flowers that we have seen. In the center is the usual type of fountain, but even this seemed distinctive, under the circumstances in which we beheld it: from the rim of its large lower basin to the rim of the smaller one which surmounts it, ropes of red roses had been strung; and above these, clusters of roses surrounded the cherubs which supported a floral representation of a monstrance. Here, as in Sitges, preparations for "the Corpus" were lovingly under way. The manner of preparation differed; the spirit of tender rever-

ence behind it was just the same.

As we made our way back from the cathedral to our pleasant little hotel, we found many of the streets blocked and all of them crowded, while the beating of a drum reverberated through the relative quiet. (No Spanish city with which I am acquainted is *really* quiet, unless it might be Avila, for Spaniards are apparently either fond of noise or impervious to it; but in comparison to Barcelona, Tarragona is quiet!)

The march of the *gigantes* (giants) had begun. I was hitherto unfamiliar with this peculiar form of a vanguard, and, to tell the truth, it was not much less puzzling to me after it had been explained to me and after I had watched its progress than it was before; it seemed to bear absolutely no relation either to the other preparations for "the Corpus" which we had seen, or to the solemn procession itself.

A drummer, in medieval costume, came first; then the enormous figure of a Negro dandy, clad in white duck, hatted in a straw sailor and carrying a jaunty cane. This figure, like those which followed it, was propelled by the men who bore it aloft and who were concealed by portions of its garments, in this case by the trouser legs, except when the parade halted; then, quite without self-consciousness, the bearers emerged from their hiding places for a breather, and bobbed back into



them when the signal was given to start again. The dandy was followed by an old-fashioned Negro woman, aproned and turbaned.

Then the character of the *gigantes* suddenly changed. Two regal figures, one male and one female, and both clad in medieval costume, came next. Finally, a page, carrying a mammoth crown on a still more enormous cushion, bore up in the rear. The populace greeted the appearance of these *gigantes* with obvious delight; when they had passed, the show was over, and the evening stroll, still such an integral part of Spanish provincial life, took on a quieter tone. By midnight, the *Rambla* was strangely still.

THIS WELCOME tranquillity continued the following day. The *Paseo* was uncrowded when we went there, about five in the afternoon, and there was hardly anyone in the memorial garden except ourselves. We were able to study, with unobscured vision, the long list of those who have died "for Spain and for

God," whose names are engraved on the great marble monument at one end of the garden, and to note the significant word *Presente!* (*Here Present*) which forms part of the heading.

We made friends with a two-year-old who was tumbling about in the gravel, and with his parents, who were sharing the seat, encircling a majestic tree, where we rested in the welcome shade. Occasionally, we noticed a little girl, accompanied by some older person, and arrayed as if for her First Holy Communion, in a long-skirted, bouffant white dress, with her hair carefully arranged in glossy, shoulder-length curls beneath her flowing veil.

Obviously, her attire was connected with some other event; in Spain, little girls do not go hurrying through the streets on foot before their First Holy Communion; they ride to church in an open car or an open carriage, in the provinces, more generally the latter, which is profusely decorated with white flowers. Besides, it was by now late in the afternoon. We gathered that these little girls were to appear in the procession, and decided that it was time to return to our pleasant little hotel, where the balconies leading from our own rooms provided an ideal vantage point to see all there was to be seen.

The procession was not scheduled to leave the cathedral until seven in the evening; and in com-

mon with many other events in Spain, the scheduled time and the actual starting time bore little relation to each other. When a stir in the crowd finally presaged the fact that something was happening at last, we saw that the *gigantes* were parading again!

Then, separated from them by only a short interval, the little girls we had previously seen, or some who looked exactly like them, rounded the corner of a side street and came down the *Rambla*, two by two. Then there were more of them and more and still more. On and on and on they came, these white-clad children in the full, quaint dresses which reached to their little feet, and the sheer veils which covered, but did not conceal, their beautiful hair. It seemed impossible that there could be so many of them, all of approximately the same age, size, and appearance, in a city no larger than Tarragona.

As I watched them, it was not only the number of them that impressed me; it was also the fact that they so closely resembled each other in dress and deportment. My thoughts reverted to the day we had spent in Cadiz and to José, the chauffeur with the vintage automobile, who had told me that when the little girls in his city made their First Holy Communion, you would never know which ones came from poor families and which from rich ones, because their veils would be just the same. He had paid for the

veil worn by his eldest daughter, Concepción, on the installment plan, over a period of five months. "But it had been of a beauty. . . ."

I had been impressed when he told me this; and now it was the company of little girls, banded together by the outward and visible signs of the sacrament they had shared, and which had given them inward and spiritual grace, that made a deeper impression on me than any other part of the procession in Tarragona.

This is perhaps illogical; there were almost as many little boys, there were various lay organizations, there were the city fathers, there were high-ranking officers of the army and navy, and there was, of course, a clerical group of great dignity and importance. There was also the moving sight of all sorts and conditions of spectators, instinctively falling to their knees as the Host went by.

But there was something especially significant to me in the fact that, at the time of their First Holy Communion and the subsequent ceremonies in which this entitles them to take part, the daughter of a count and the daughter of a chauffeur, the daughter of the mayor and the daughter of a *maitre d'hôtel* should be indistinguishable from one another to the onlooker. It was one of many unmistakable signs of surviving democracy, the respect for it and the allegiance to it, in a country which is "socially

the most democratic in the world"* while admittedly not a democracy in its central form of government. It is also symbolic of the fact that all these children come as equals to the throne of God.

AGAIN, we left one place with regret so great it was tempered only by the knowledge that another, equally delightful, was our next destination. Throughout the first part of our journey, the aridity which recent rains have alleviated but not yet wholly remedied was even more apparent than it had been before. Occasionally a cluster of cypress trees, rising above the walled inclosure of a lonely cemetery, gave a touch of verdure to the landscape; otherwise its aspect was parched.

When we reached Benicarló, the *Albergue de la Carretera*, one of the wayside inns run by the government, seemed to us like an oasis. Its flower-bordered swimming pool stretched out toward the sea, its blossoming garden surrounded a latticed terrace, and within, its simplicity and coolness gave an immediate sense of respite and refreshment. The construction of such wayside inns, which provide excellent food and clean and comfortable lodgings in small out-of-the-way places where hitherto no good accommodations were available, is one of the most helpful,

**The Cities of Spain* by Edward Hutton, Methuen & Company, Ltd., London.

from the visitor's point of view, of any which has marked a progressive spirit in modern Spain.

The *albergues* are gradually increasing in number, and are supplemented by a series of attractive *hosterias*, notably the one in Alcalá de Henares, the birthplace of Cervantes, where fine food but no lodging can be obtained, and by the even more important chain of *paradores*, which offer both on a more luxurious scale. Instead of being newly built, like the *albergues*, and following a standardized pattern, as those do, the *paradores* are located in old palaces and abandoned colleges and convents, which have been reconditioned for present-day use. For instance, the one at Granada is situated in the Alhambra, the one in the Lozoya valley in a former Carthusian monastery, and the one at Ubeda in a beautiful Renaissance palace. Instead of being sad and sterile monuments commemorating a dead past, they have been transformed into pleasing habitations adapted to the needs of the living present. Through them, in still another way, the Spanish will and power to survive has been revealed.

AFTER Benicarló there is another sudden change of scene; the aridity merges into a lush landscape of verdant rice fields and orange groves, which stretch out as far as the eye can see. This is the *huerta*, or irrigated land, which makes Val-

encia a "city of fertility," and turns the surrounding countryside into a vast garden. Moreover, it is the region which, through its essential character, has instigated and perpetuated one of the most venerable and most arresting forms of government in the world.

This is the *Tribunal de las Aguas* (the Tribunal of the Waters) which foregathers every Thursday just outside the main entrance to the cathedral, the great doorway known as the Gate of the Apostles. Shortly before noon, eight large black armchairs are placed in a semicircle on the pavement, and each of these is marked with the name of an irrigation canal: *Cuart, Benaches y Faitanar, Robella, Mislata, Favara, Tormos, Mestalla and Bascuña*. A railing of wrought iron, which curves out over the pavement, completes the circle and incloses the chairs.

At the gate on the outer edge of this railing stands a functionary whose first duty is to put a mace on its standard, thus signifying that



the tribunal is about to meet and that he is ready to announce the plaintiffs and defendants who wish to present themselves before it. On the stroke of 12, the eight men who represent the districts controlled by the canals, who thus hold in trust the prosperity of the city, and who have all been elected by their fellow farmers, file out of the cathedral and take their places in their proper chairs. Without further ceremony, the tribunal is ready for action.

One by one, the plaintiffs enter from the street, duly announced by the guard, and traditionally accompanied by the man or men whom they are accusing. Each is given a chance to voice his complaint, which he does in the Valencia dialect, without being harried or hurried. But once he has said his say, the decision of the tribunal is quickly made. Fines, though now payable in *pesetas*, are imposed in pounds, since these were the standard currency when the tribunal was founded, nearly 1,000 years ago. In all this time, there has been no appeal from the verdict of the tribunal, and no war, either civil or foreign, has ever interfered with its proceedings.

On the occasion of our visit, one case was dismissed as lacking evidence and another because one of the chief witnesses involved failed to appear. Of the other cases presented, one resulted in a fine for opening a dike when this should

not have been done, another in a fine for failure to keep a dike clean, and another for flooding a neighbor's crops.

The farmers all came in their working clothes, and only the president of the tribunal wore formal dress; the other members of this unique court were variously clad in black smocks, overalls, and seersucker suits; and the people in the crowd which gathered around to watch the proceedings were, for the most part, rather shabbily clothed. (Apparently this has always been the case, for a fine picture, painted nearly 100 years ago, which hangs in the Parliament building, depicts the same kind of a court and the same kind of a crowd, though the peasant costumes at that period were considerably more colorful than they are now.)

Nowhere was there any sign of wealth, little of what we are all too prone to call culture, none whatsoever of outside influence or interference. Somehow, as I watched and listened, a typical New England town meeting came to my mind, and mentally I compared some of its characteristics to the characteristics of this gathering. Of course, the Tribunal of the Waters had already been functioning for hundreds of years before the discovery of America; of course, the settings of the two bear no resemblance to each other; and of course the rural New Englander and the rural Spaniard differ in many ways

Still, I do not think the comparison is irrelevant. Both the town meeting and the tribunal are forms of local government "of the people, for the people, by the people" rightly held in general confidence and respect. I do not believe that either will ever "perish from the earth."

I LEFT the Gateway of the Apostles greatly moved by what I had seen. Out of consideration for my lameness, the president of the tribunal had placed a ninth chair within the circular railed inclosure; therefore, I had been as near to the proceedings as any member of the court, and the more I saw, the more I marveled and admired. This, I told myself, was the most significant of all the signs of survival I have witnessed in Spain; I was sure the supreme moment of my stay in Valencia had come and gone. But I was mistaken.

It is strange and lamentable how little we know about foreign countries until we go to them and stay in them, until we learn their languages and their laws, familiarize ourselves with their customs, enter into the homes of their people and stand in reverence at their shrines, how little, I mean, about what is most essentially a part of them. For instance, of course I knew that Valencia was situated in the most fertile section of Spain, that her oranges and her rice were world famous; but I never knew, until shortly before I sat with the Tri-

bunal of the Waters, just how that fecundity was safeguarded; and it was not until I was actually inside the Gate of the Apostles that I was aware I was approaching a chapel consecrated to the veneration of the Holy Grail.

The main body of the cathedral is not one of the most imposing in Spain, architecturally speaking; and the damage wrought by bombs, during the recent civil war, has not as yet been fully repaired: great ragged gaps remain unclosed in the walls and many of the columns are badly battered. But the Gothic arches of the little chapel which leads from its nave still curve above the spectator in unblemished beauty; and beyond them, high in a niche where all the radiance of the place is centered, rises the Holy Grail.

It was taken, Valencian authorities will tell you, while quoting ancient Christian historians, from Jerusalem to Rome by St. Peter, after the death of the blessed Virgin, and used by the Popes for the celebration of Mass up to the time of St. Sixtus II. But during the period of persecution instigated by the emperor Valerian, the sacred chalice was sent by St. Lawrence, deacon, treasurer to the Pope, with a letter in his own hand, to his native town of Huesca. Its dispatch took place none too soon, for two days afterward, St. Lawrence died a martyr.

In Huesca, the chalice was care-

fully preserved until 713, when it was again removed to safety, this time by people fleeing from a Saracen invasion. Eventually, it was given by its preservers to King Martin the Humane of Zaragossa, for use in his own oratory; and from Zaragossa it was brought to Valencia by Alfonso V, the Magnanimous, together with other precious relics. During the recent civil war, it was first hidden away by a canon of the cathedral, and later taken secretly to the village of Carlet for greater security. At the end of the war it was triumphantly brought back and placed in its own chapel for public veneration.

All this is so thoroughly authenticated, in the archives of the kings of Aragon at Barcelona and the archives of the cathedral in Valencia, that it is impossible to discredit any part of it. However, a cautious question not unnaturally arises: is it not probable that the cup used by Christ at His Last Supper might have been lost, and another substituted for it, before the transference from Jerusalem to Rome?

The Valencians' answer is swift and sure: this is improbable, because the master of the Cenacle, the Apostles, and the primitive Christians would all have used the greatest care in the preservation of this most precious relic, just as

they did in the preservation of the crown of thorns and the holy shroud. Moreover, the Corinthian style of the chalice and the agate of which it is made both point to the period and the place when and where the Last Supper occurred. Experts on the subject have been painstakingly consulted, and have agreed it is most unlikely that two identical chalices would have been preserved, or that a copy could have been substituted for the original.

The Valencian is entirely satisfied with this assurance. So am I. His earnestness and his eloquence are convincing; so are his sincerity and his scholarship. I am ready to believe that I see before me the Holy Grail. But even if this were not so, in a literal sense, would it matter too much, since it is so in a symbolic sense?

After all, the Eucharist is always the supreme sacrament, whatever vessels are used for it; and from the moment of Consecration, the humblest chalice takes on the sublime attributes of the one which Christ held in His hands and shared with His disciples at the Last Supper. The belief in the divine Presence, which has survived the centuries, is rekindled anew in the light which streams from that radiant chalice of Valencia's veneration.

On Ice

PROBABLY the most powerful head of steam ever created is that of young people trying to set on fire a world that is all wet.

Redbook. (July '52).

Clothes For a Boy

*The men in the family triumphed for once,
but it took a lot of diplomacy*

By JOSEPH A. BREIG

Condensed from "*My Pants When I Die*"*



JOE'S VOICE came over the telephone small, tentative, and anxious, and touched with the wistfulness of an eight-year-old who is dreaming of impossible things.

"Dad, do you have \$18?"

He asked it as he might have inquired whether I owned the Taj Mahal or had been elected President of the U.S. I knew from his tone that he had already resigned himself to hearing me say No.

I pushed my typewriter away and leaned back in my office chair.

"Eighteen dollars?" I repeated in an awed voice. "Why do you ask?"

"Mommy told me to," he replied, his voice more timid and fainter than ever.

"What does Mommy want with \$18? And why doesn't she ask me herself?"

"She doesn't want it. I want it. But she said she doesn't have that much money. And she said I could ask you."

Presently he said, so softly that I could hardly hear him, "It's for the suit."

"What suit?"

At last the story came out in a rush. "Daddy, you know that store where they sell clothes and things? Where you bought me my cap with the sun-glasses attached?"

I knew.

"Well, listen, daddy—we went past there today and there was a suit in the window, just my size; and oh boy you ought to see it, just like a man's suit; and we went in and asked the man how much it was, and he said \$18. Will you buy it for me, daddy? Will you?"

Only the father of a son will know exactly how helpless a man is in such situations. Only those will understand who have sat, as I did, in a hospital waiting-room, praying and praying and praying while a first-born son was being born. Only those who have looked on their own queer little squirming male descendant in the arms of a nurse, and are seeing him grow into handsome boyhood, will realize that it is very nearly impossible for a father to say No in such circumstances.

We don't say No. We say Maybe. We do everything except face the

issue, because we know we shouldn't give a boy everything he wants, and yet we remember our own boyhood, and we can't quite bring ourselves to refuse our sons pointblank anything even remotely within reason.

I spoke slowly and emphatically. "Listen, Joe. I do have \$18. But I don't have \$18 to throw around. I'm not going to tell you that I'll buy the suit or that I won't. I've got to talk with your mother first. And I've got to see the suit."

There was a pause. The telephone sounded empty and echoing, like a room from which all the rugs and furniture have been removed. I waited, and presently I heard Joe's voice, small and subdued, "Okay, dad. But gee, it's a nice suit."

Silence again. Then, "It's got a vest and everything, just like yours."

More silence. Finally, "I've never *had* a suit, dad . . . just trousers and shirts and jackets." And at last, "Good-by, dad."

"Good-by, Joe. Listen—"

"Yes, dad."

"I'll do the best I can for you; you know that, don't you?"

"Yes. Yes, I do, dad."

"Okay. Good-by, Joe."

"Good-by, dad." And this time we broke the connection.

At the first opportunity, I telephoned my wife. "Mary," I said, "what's this about Joe and a suit?"

Her voice washed her hands of

the whole affair. "He wants a suit. I told him I could buy trousers and jackets much cheaper. But he's got his heart set on a suit. I think it's foolish. But it's up to you and him. Don't mix me up in it."

I wanted her mixed up in it. I wanted moral support. "He's never had a suit," I said.

Her voice grew firm. "Joe," she said, "if you want to buy a suit for him, it's up to you. For the same amount of money, I can get three or four pairs of trousers for him. But you do whatever you want."

I tested her. "Then you'd be angry with me."

She laughed, merrily and naturally. "I wouldn't!"

That was what I wanted to know.

I hung up the telephone, and in a minute dialed home again and got my eldest daughter, as I expected.

"Bussie," I said (I call her that to distinguish her from her mother, although she prefers to be called Mary), "do me a favor, will you?"

"Now what?" she asked suspiciously.

"Bring Joe downtown and meet me in the office at five o'clock. Will you?"

"Dad! Are you going to be silly and buy him a suit?"

She sounded world-weary and tired unto death of male idiocies. "Okay, dad, whatever you say."

At five o'clock Bussie and Joe came into the office, he glowing

with anticipation, she bored stiff and disapproving of us. She thawed somewhat when I suggested dinner in a restaurant.

After dinner we went to the store. Most of the suits were hardly worth carrying out of the store. At last came one which fitted perfectly, was the right color, and was made of good material. "How much?" I asked the clerk.

"Thirty dollars," said the clerk.

Ten minutes later, Bussie and Joe and I were walking disconsolately around the store. At least, Joe and I were disconsolate. Bussie was taking it philosophically.

We wandered from counter to counter, absentmindedly looking at things. We rode down two or three floors on the escalator, and then rode up again.

At last I said in quiet desperation, "I'll call your mother. Wait here."

I dropped my nickel, and told the story to my wife. "The suits for \$18," I told her, "are simply junk. The only one worth carrying home is \$30."

"You're crazy if you pay that," she said promptly and firmly.

"But listen, honey! I've *got* to pay that to get anything worth while at all!"

"I can buy him half a dozen pairs of pants for that."

"But he wants a suit!"

"Lots of people want lots of things."

"Well—. Good-by, honey."

I came out of the telephone booth and looked at Joe. In imagination I went back 30-odd years to my own boyhood. I could not remember ever having had a suit. But I thought I could remember wanting one very, very much.

Anyhow, I knew what Joe wanted.

"Here," I said to myself suddenly. "I can do without something, or do some extra work, or something. This is important to him—and he's important to me." We went back to the boys' department and I spoke to the clerk. "Measure him for that suit," I said.

That evening there was a considerable silence around the house. Joe and I were in disfavor, and we knew it. I was in disfavor for being a softy, and Joe for taking advantage of me.

We said the Rosary, and the youngsters went upstairs to bed. My wife and I sat in the living room, she ostentatiously sewing, I ostentatiously reading a book.

"Look, honey," I said, "only once in a lifetime does a boy get his first suit of clothing. I know I'm a boob, but what if something happened to him tonight or tomorrow—? I don't know—I'm what I am; and \$30 just doesn't seem as important as a boy's first suit. So how about letting me out of the doghouse?"

I got out.

And so did Joe.

And you ought to see him in that suit.

Let's Play the Russian Game

*A victim of the Iron Curtain urges
a realistic policy in the cold war*

By ROBERT A. VOGELER with LEIGH WHITE

Condensed from "I Was Stalin's Prisoner"*

AT A PRESS conference in Washington on Christmas Eve, 1951, President Truman was asked if he intended to do anything more than he had already done to procure the release of the four fliers who were still imprisoned in Hungary.

"No," he said. "What can you do?"

"What can you do?" In my opinion, the American people will never accept such an answer—or lack of one. They will insist that there must be something we can do. Three courses of action, short of open warfare, are open to our government. 1. We can stop trading with the Cominform. 2. We can block the activities of Cominform agents. 3. We can put Russia on the defensive.

We still are trading with the Cominform. For reasons best known to the fur lobby and its friends in Congress, so-called Persian lamb pelts are still being imported from Russia at an annual rate of \$5 million.

An amendment to the Mutual Security act requires its adminis-

trator to take sanctions against any country shipping strategic materials to Russia and its colonies. Yet, as these lines were written, American automobile and truck parts were being shipped to Denmark for transshipment to Poland. Aluminum oxide from Canada was being shipped to Belgium for transshipment to Hungary. Chinese hog bristles and East German shotguns were entering the U.S. by way of Holland, Denmark, West Germany, and Sweden. Ball bearings were still entering Czechoslovakia and Russia by way of Sweden and France. Britain was still importing Russian lumber, grain, and crabmeat in return for manufactured products that were theoretically "nonstrategic," and, until the International Longshoremen's association (AFL) put a stop to it, Britain was dumping its Russian crabmeat in the U.S.

As a spokesman for the War Department put it, trying to enforce an embargo against the Russian empire under the present loose restrictions is "like trying to plug the holes of a sieve." The obvious

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answer to the problem is to tighten the restrictions. The loud complaints of the communist industrial bosses behind the Iron Curtain indicate that the half measures already taken have begun to hurt. The natural sentiments of the American people, and particularly of the workingmen through whose hands the goods will pass, will make the embargo effective.

Once upon a time, before the West began to suffer from what Pope Pius has described as "spiritual anemia," British and American trade unions refused to permit the importation of the products of slave labor. Prior to the Roosevelt-Litvinov agreement, in 1933, it would have been unthinkable for either Britain or the U.S. to import crabmeat or lumber from Russia, for it would have been called to our attention that Russia's fishing and lumbering industries were both dependent for their labor on Gulag (Central Administration of Concentration Camps). Isn't it about time for us to recognize that our past willingness to wink at Russia's concentration camps has prepared the way for the torture and imprisonment of American citizens?

As for the second point, we should impose on all Cominform agents in the U.S. the same restrictions that are imposed on our own citizens behind the Iron Curtain.

During the 2nd World War, American military and diplomatic personnel, correspondents, and oth-

er visitors were graciously permitted to travel as far as 100 kilometers (62 miles) out of Moscow without special permission from the MVD. Only in Odessa, however, were the crews of American ships permitted to walk freely through the city streets. In Murmansk, if they were allowed to go ashore at all, they were confined to a small restricted area and forbidden to have anything to do with the city's inhabitants, most of whom, as it happened, were political prisoners. After the war even such limited "privileges" were withdrawn.

By 1948, Americans were forbidden to travel more than 50 kilometers (31 miles) out of Moscow, and by 1952 the free-travel radius had been reduced to 40 kilometers, or 25 miles. The list of forbidden cities had meanwhile been increased by 22, which meant that only four cities in Russia in addition to Moscow were accessible to Americans, Leningrad, Stalingrad, Odessa, and Tiflis. Kiev, the capital of disaffected Ukrainia, has been on the forbidden list since 1948.

Even the State Department agrees that the time has come to consider imposing similar restrictions on Soviet Russians and perhaps on all Cominform representatives in the U.S. As these lines were written, however, the only Cominform representatives against whom such retaliatory action had been taken were the Hungarians and Rumanians, whose freedom to

travel has been restricted, in theory, at least, to a 35-mile area surrounding Washington.

In addition to travel restrictions, we should also apply legal restrictions. The U.S. should protect its citizens indirectly by reserving the right to prosecute representatives of the Cominform countries according to the legal pretexts used behind the Iron Curtain.

On that basis we could lawfully convict ten foreign communists for every American unlawfully convicted behind the Iron Curtain. Instead, we have hesitated to punish Russian agents who break our laws for fear of jeopardizing Americans in Russian-dominated countries.

Valentin Gubitchev was sent home to Russia, after being lawfully convicted of espionage, in the apparent hope that Stalin, in return, would order my release. He failed to do so. Stalin not only waited a year and then exacted concessions, but before I was released he saw to it that Oatis was arrested. It is difficult for me to believe that there are no more Gubitchevs among the Russian and satellite "diplomats" now in the U.S.

The FBI undoubtedly has enough evidence to obtain a lawful conviction of Mikhail Fedorov, the chief TASS correspondent in Washington. Fedorov, far from being a bona-fide newspaperman, is in reality an aircraft engineer. His principal function, as the Kremlin knows we know, is the collection

and transmission of secret information.

As the representative of an official agency of the Russian government, he carries a diplomatic passport and is therefore immune to arrest. He is not immune to deportation, however, and there is nothing to prevent his being tried *in absentia*. The evidence that could be presented against Fedorov and his organization in a public trial would be so embarrassing to the Kremlin that it would probably agree to release Oatis, even now, in return for calling off Fedorov's trial. It would certainly have been worth more to the Kremlin, prior to Oatis' trial, to protect Fedorov than to convict Oatis and hold him for ransom.

And why not file libel suits against communist publications in New York, London, and other cities? Instead of idly bemoaning the "blackmail" of our own citizens, why not resort to some legal counteractions of our own? The Kremlin's representatives are far more vulnerable than the administration seems to think.

Thirdly, we should put Russia on the defensive.

Propaganda, especially of the innocuous "white" variety to which the Voice of America has been so largely limited, is not enough. We must engage in the "black" propaganda of psychological warfare. We must make far better use of native anti-communists than we

have made to date. We must infiltrate the Cominform with American agents. And we must support our agents with vigorous propaganda, keyed not to "peace" as so much of our propaganda is today, but to "liberation."

There is no need for us to remain on the defensive indefinitely. As our own strength and determination increase, we shall be able to stem the tide. But to stem it decisively we need to be represented, at home and abroad, by men of resolution who sincerely believe that our cause is just, and must prevail.

Our cause will never prevail as long as we tolerate the barbaric treatment to which our representatives, official and unofficial, are being subjected not only in Hungary and Czechoslovakia but in all the communist slave states, including Russia itself.

I was not the first American to be imprisoned by Stalin, and, unless we change our tactics, Oatis, I fear, will not be the last.

What are we going to do about Hvasta and the Fields and all the other Americans, naturalized and native-born, who are still imprisoned in Russia, China, and Eastern Europe?

I am, of course, aware that the Fields are accused of being Russian agents, but after what I have been through I am no longer impressed by mere accusations. If my treatment at the hands of the AVH

(Hungarian State Defense Authority) taught me nothing else, it taught me the crying need for enforcing civilized standards of justice.

I believe more strongly than ever before that every man is innocent until he has been found guilty by a jury of his peers. I was innocent, yet I was forced to confess to crimes that I had not committed. The same is true of Oatis. Who knows but what the Fields may also be innocent, or at least less guilty than we have been led to suppose? As American citizens they are as fully entitled to their day in court as Judith Coplon, and until and unless they have been lawfully convicted of treason or espionage they are entitled to the protection of the American flag.

If we continue to tolerate the unlawful imprisonment of American citizens, and if we continue to pay ransom for their release, it will increase, not lessen, the risk of a 3rd world war. We are the greatest power on earth. Yet we have been crawling when we should have been demanding, and enforcing our demands, that Russia and its colonies abide by the standards of international law. Having crawled twice, however, once in my own case and again in the case of the four fliers, we seem to have convinced Stalin that we can be made to crawl again and again.

Therein, I think, lies the greatest danger of a 3rd world war.

How to Buy in a Department Store

*Understanding the inner working of a big retail establishment
can save you shopping money.*

By MAX HESS, JR.

Condensed from "Every Dollar Counts"*

A THOUSAND TIMES, watching customers mill about the floors of my place, I have wished for a way of making them familiar with the operation of a department store.

"If only you knew what my buyers know," I have thought. "How much more intelligently you could shop! How much more you could get for your dollar!" Mine is a representative department store in an average-size American city: Allentown, Pa.

To make a real advantage of their buying power, most department stores band together in purchasing syndicates. For example, last season a furniture manufacturer designed an attractive three-piece bedroom suite. Produced in small lots, it was intended to sell for \$245, and did. The buying syndicate with which my store is associated pooled its resources and ordered 2,000 copies of that single suite. The result was that we were able to bring that particular set to our customers

for the lower price of only \$188!

The point is this. The American department store has learned how to achieve low prices in spite of a high overhead. If for that reason alone, it represents the American way of life in a very real sense.

The bargain basement is today one of the busiest and most astonishing phenomena of retail trade. In the last half century the whole philosophy of basement operation has been revised. Far from seeing itself as a dumping ground, its paramount aim today is to provide desirable goods at the lowest possible price.

How do department stores acquire good merchandise which can be sold at low prices? The first answer is this. Buyers for basements are opportunists.

Here, for example, is a manufacturer of \$16.95 dresses who finds himself overstocked. To him they represent tied-up cash. However, these same dresses are sold to the upper floors of many stores. In jus-

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tice to them and his own prestige he has to maintain the high price level of every garment that bears his label.

"We'll take the label off," our buyer says. "We'll sell them in our basement without any identifying marks." Within two days our sub-street floor is selling \$16.95 dresses for \$8.

Now consider "irregulars." Once, when I asked a job applicant how she would describe "irregulars," the young lady said, "I guess it's a mistake, sort of. Like a man's shirt with three sleeves." Which is nonsense.

Socks, let's say. How can we sell \$1 socks for 58¢? Well, at the factory a carton splits open, spilling socks on a dusty floor. They are instantly branded "irregulars." We buy them at a fraction of their cost. Time after time irregulars have no defect at all.

I cannot help recalling a certain bonanza in irregulars for brides. Through an accident of wind direction a cloud of soot blew into the open window of a New York plant that makes wedding gowns designed to sell for \$60 to \$100 each. But, alas, soot settled on their shoulders! Our alert basement buyer bought them. "Our customers," he wrote, "can have them dry-cleaned for \$2 or \$3." Brides were able to buy lovely wedding gowns at only \$15!

It's a wise citizen who watches for those monthly sales: Dollar

Days, Clean-Up Sales, Month-End Bargains, Everything-Must-Go Days.

Question: Would you call any special days the wisest for basement shopping? Answer: I'd urge Monday and Tuesday.

Question: Would you say basement prices are always lower than upstairs prices? Answer: No. Often our prices overlap. A wise customer looks at both.

One evening, when my wife was entertaining a few of her friends, I casually inquired what aspect of our fashion business interested these women most.

"Sales!" she answered.

What makes a clothing sale? How far can you rely on the merchandise a sale offers? How does one type of sale differ from another? For example, what differentiates a "special" from a "clearance?"

Now and then almost every manufacturer of fashion goods faces a harassing between-season lull. He hates to let skilled help go. At such moments he turns to a department store's buyer.

"This is one time," the manufacturer says, "when I'm willing to sacrifice personal profit."

Situations of this kind give the department store an opportunity to acquire rush orders of high-quality merchandise at between-season rates. The result is that the department store is enabled to offer \$79.95 garments at a much lower

figure, say, \$59.95. Usually an event of this sort is called a "preseason sale."

A "clearance" sale, however, is a different type of operation. I need hardly point out that fashionable goods are also highly perishable. The most urgent problem of every fashion-department manager is the driving necessity to sell goods quickly. Any garment that remains on the racks more than a couple of weeks may represent a complete loss. Merchandise that doesn't sell immediately must be disposed of by price-cutting. I have seen \$16.95 dresses sold for as little as \$1.

One of the questions virtually every shoe salesman hears is this: "Why should I pay \$22 and more for a pair of shoes when I can get another pair that look almost identical for \$8.95?"

Shoe manufacturers will tell you, as will your department store buyer, that the average well-made shoe undergoes 65 different operations.

The less expensive shoe eliminates a number of these operations; also it indulges in substitutions, by using supports, inner soles, and so on that are made of synthetic substances instead of leather.

But one of the most important differences between the high- and low-priced shoe is this: a good shoe, once completed, has to dry for six weeks. That drying time is an interval which solidifies the shoe's shape. Thus, one of the things you pay for in higher-priced

shoes is the guarantee that shape will not be quickly lost.

Footwear in the lower-priced category is rarely allowed such drying time. Moreover, it frequently is not made of top-grade leather.

I say this not to disparage low-priced shoes. Every department store carries them. They have a vast market, and the American shoe made to sell at low prices is, I believe, better and sturdier than any you will find at such price levels throughout the world.

But sometimes—remember, I say *sometimes*—underselling takes very strange forms. Consider a specific instance.

A few weeks after our last Anniversary Sale a young man came into our store and insisted on talking to me personally. "At your Anniversary Sale," he said, "my wife and I bought a maple bedroom suite. It was priced at \$199.50, and your furniture buyer assured me it couldn't be duplicated at less than \$245. Now look at this."

He pulled a half-page newspaper advertisement out of his pocket. It pictured a maple bedroom suite that certainly was exactly the same set we had featured in our sale. In big, black letters the advertisement quoted its price at \$159.95.

I glanced at the name of the store, that of a spectacular dealer in Philadelphia, then I looked back at our customer. "See if you can order that bedroom set," I suggested. "If you can, send ours back."

When he left I knew he would never be able to buy the suite at \$159.95. I was right. He had been deluded by a "borax" operation.

In every sizeable industry there is a fringe element that forever seeks short cuts to quick profits. Their product sacrifices quality to appear at a low price. In the trade, the products are known as borax. Borax may be defined as cheaply built, second-rate goods, sold to the buyer at his own risk.

To the layman, borax often appears as attractive, outwardly, as furniture of high quality. Only the experienced dealer can detect its shortcomings.

For many things about it indicate penny-pinching. The tacks, for example, that hold down fabrics or leather in good furniture are placed side by side with no intervening space; the tacks in borax are hammered in at intervals of perhaps two inches. The list of deficiencies could be stretched on and on.

It has long been the practice among retailers who handle borax to catch public attention by advertising one really superlative bargain. This need not be borax at all. In fact, it rarely is. Certainly the bedroom suite illustrated at \$159.95 in the Philadelphia advertisement was a fine set.

But I had guessed that the customer would find it had been "nailed to the floor." That, in the language of the industry, means the set is never to be sold. It serves

only as a come-on, the prelude to a "switch." Try to order it, and you invariably discover, alas, that the last of those sets was sold just a few minutes before you arrived . . . so won't you look at something else?

There is hardly a woman in America who doesn't have to purchase sheets every year or two. Generally the department store offers her a choice of three types—muslin, percale, and combed percale.

To be an intelligent buyer, she ought to understand the two essential differences among them: The first lies in the quality and weight of the yarn used in their manufacture; the second in the tightness of the weave of those yarns.

When a salesperson says, "This is a 140 sheet" she means that there are 140 threads of yarn woven into a square inch of its material. Based on this system of appraisal (a system adopted by the U. S. Bureau of Standards) America has five fundamental types of sheets: 112, 128, 140, 180, 200.

Muslins are woven in the 140, 128, or 112 types. The 140 is, of course, the sturdiest and the highest in price, meant for long wear.

Is muslin, because of its strength, a more practical buy than percale or combed percale? The question is best answered in the words of the instruction booklet which every dry-goods salesperson receives, "If your customer wants sheets for

every day household use, muslin is a good investment. It will stand harder laundering than percale sheets and will wear longer.

When you buy percale you have stepped into a higher-quality bracket.

But now and then, especially at bargain counters, unmarked sheets appear. How then can you tell which is a good buy and which is bad? Is there any way of recognizing a 112 sheet?

The easiest test (I've seen thousands of women try it) is merely to crumple a corner of a sheet and rub its folds together. Some lint will always fall from even the finest sheets, but if you create a snowfall, beware. The white particles that dribble down are sizing. As it is loosened and falls out, what remains is a material which, if held up to the light, will look remarkably like mosquito netting.

Not long ago my own buyer returned from a vacation in Europe. He brought samples of hand-drawn Swiss linen, beautiful and delightfully soft. One sample, I noticed, was superior to all the others, and I asked why?

The answer I got was something I'd never known before. "This hand-drawn linen is generally made by women. Every time they pick up a thread they moisten their thumbs on their tongues. Those women who are nursing mothers have a peculiar lacteal quality in their saliva. This is transmitted to the yarn by the wetted thumb. The milky touch adds its own softness and silkiness to the thread. So you pay about four times as much for linen that has been drawn by nursing mothers as for any other kind!"

See what I mean? Even those in the business always have something new to learn.

I think we can **AVOID WAR if:**_____

We recall in our hearts and remedy on our knees the charge of Abraham Lincoln: "We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of heaven; we have been preserved these many years in peace and prosperity; we have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown.

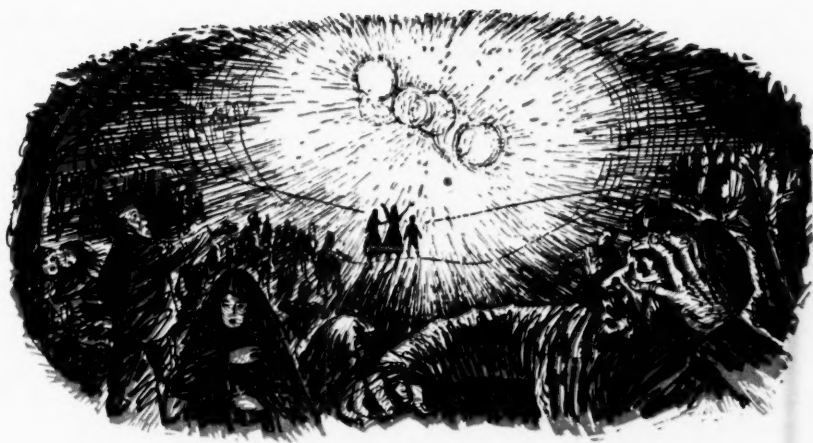
"But we have forgotten God. In-

toxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us.

"It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness."

Sharon FitzPatrick.

[For similar contributions of about 100 words, filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]



The Innocents of Fatima

By JOHN de MARCHI, I.M.C.

Condensed from "*The Shepherds of Fatima*"*

The Shepherds of Fatima is the story of the three little children who now are world famous. In 1917 they were considered unusually obstinate idiots. This is the story of what happened when the local bureaucrat took over.

IN THE COUNTRY DISTRICT in which Fatima is situated, the Vila Nova d'Ourem is an important place and the county administrator was by trade a tinsmith. The report of apparitions to three children had been spreading over the whole country and it was making some people very angry. But no one grew as angry as the administrator. If a miracle had

the audacity to occur in his district, he considered it a personal insult.

"So!" he said to himself one day, "it is necessary to put an end to all this." And straightaway he wrote a stiff official command to the civil magistrate of Fatima. On Aug. 11, the "little seers," as he called them sarcastically, were to appear before him with their fathers.

*Retold in English by Elisabeth Cobb. Illustrated by Jeanyee Wong. Copyright, 1952, by Sheed & Ward, New York City. 159 pp. \$2.

The father of Lucia, one of the children, never thought of disobeying this order. Early on the day appointed he saddled a donkey, mounted Lucia on it, and set off to Uncle Marto's. Uncle Marto was the father of Jacinta and Francisco, Lucia's comrades. Lucia's father wanted both families to make the trip together.

But Uncle Marto was made of sterner stuff. He had no intention of obeying any such absurd and highhanded order. "What do they want with children of that age?" said he. "No, I will go myself! I will answer for them."

At this, Lucia, who must have longed with all her heart for such courage in her own father, jumped down from her donkey and ran off to say good-by to Jacinta. Whispered Jacinta, "If they want to kill you, tell them that Francisco and I are like you and will die too."

With these words of her dear little comrade to give her courage, Lucia was dragged away for the frightening trip to Vila Nova d' Ourem with her father and uncle.

The minute they arrived at the office of the administrator he began trying to browbeat Uncle Marto. "Why are you alone? Where are your children?" he growled.

But he didn't know his man. Uncle Marto just wasn't the browbeatable kind! Still, he kept his temper, and answered the man calmly and courteously, "They did not come. I will answer for them."

"Orders are orders," shouted the tinsmith, banging and blowing.

But Uncle Marto saw through him, for he ignored the man's bluster just as calmly as he had ignored his orders. "But what a piece of stupidity!" he was thinking to himself. "Two children to be dragged before a court!"

At last, this tinsmith turned administrator gave up Uncle Marto as a bad job and turned to Lucia. He had already made up his mind that he was going to be the one to drag the secrets of Fatima out of her. But the child stood up to him. The little girl, frightened as she was, stood as firm as a rock.

Twice the tinsmith had failed to get his own way. He was getting dangerous now. So he left Lucia and turned to her father.

"Do you in Fatima believe in all these childish things?"

"No, sir," was the meek answer. "It's just a lot of talk."

Ah! This was more like it!

Encouraged, the tinsmith turned back again to Uncle Marto.

The administrator asked sarcastically, "Do *you* think it is all true?"

"Yes, sir," said Uncle Marto. "I believe what the children say."

Finally they were all sent away. The tinsmith had had enough of them for the time being. But he wasn't a man to give up.

It was evening before Lucia reached home with her father and uncle. At once she ran off to find

Jacinta and Francisco. They were huddled together by the well, weeping.

"Oh, Lucia," gulped Jacinta, wrapping her arms around her as though she could never bear to let go. "Oh, Lucia! Your sister told us that they had killed you."

The morning of Aug. 13 arrived. That was the great day on which another vision had been promised by our Lady. That morning a carriage stopped at the Marto house. Who should step out but the tinsmith, administrator of Ourem. But something had happened to the man. This morning he was all smiles and genial courtesy.

"What? You here, sir!" exclaimed Uncle Marto. He was worried and puzzled by the man's appearance. But the smiling administrator kept on assuring him, and anybody within earshot, that there was nothing official about this visit. No! Today he was here only as a devout pilgrim, like any other.

"Yes. It's true. I also want to see the apparitions. Let us all go. I'll even take the children with me in my own carriage. See and believe. Like doubting Thomas, eh?"

The administrator, it was evident, was trying hard to seem all that is kind and good. But it was easy to see how ner-

vous he was. When the children did not turn up immediately he grew impatient. "It's time to go," he kept on saying. "It will be better to call them."

At last the three children arrived. Then this most amiable of all administrators invited them to go to the Cova with him, riding in style in his fine carriage. Of course, this would be a great treat for them.

"But first," said the administrator, "your own good parish priest wants to ask you a few simple questions about the miracle you expect to see today."

There could be no question of refusing such a request from their own priest. Into the carriage they all piled and off they went.

But when they reached the priest's house it seemed that he didn't really have many questions to ask them, certainly none that couldn't have waited. The children were puzzled.

When the short questioning by the old priest was over, the administrator seemed suddenly concerned that they might all be late at the Cova da Iria. "But never you mind!" he assured the children. "I'll drive you there myself."

So they piled into the carriage again. The tinsmith put Francisco up front beside him and the little girls in the



back seat. Then he urged the horse into a smart trot. But the moment the main road was reached he suddenly turned the horse in the opposite direction and whipped it into a gallop.

"But, sir," cried Lucia, "this isn't the way to the Cova!"

"I know that quite well," said the tinsmith. "But we still have time to have a little talk with the parish priest of Ourem. I didn't tell you before, but he also wishes to ask you some questions. Then we will come back to the Cova by automobile. We have all the time in the world."

The children settled down again. It was all very confusing and tiring, but there was nothing they could do about it. They were in the administrator's hands.

They were indeed! The man had no intention of taking them to see the priest in Ourem. Instead, he had simply kidnaped them. Now they were being hustled straight to his own house as fast as the horse could travel. There they were thrust into an empty room and locked in.

Said valiant little Jacinta, "It won't matter. If they kill us, we will go straight to heaven."

This tinsmith administrator had a wife. Unlike her husband, she was not a bad person at heart, and not one to let three frightened children stay in a locked room for very long. First she released them, then gave them a nice lunch. Afterwards

the good woman took them out onto the cool veranda where her own children were playing. It was a kindly act, and in the face of her husband's attitude, a brave one.

That morning the Cova da Iria was packed with people waiting for the fourth apparition. But hour after hour crawled by. Still the children did not come. The crowd began to grow restless. A restless crowd is a dangerous one.

And then, just when everyone had grown very uneasy and restless, a messenger arrived with the news. The children had been stolen away from the priest's house!

A growl passed from group to group. A wrong word spoken at that moment could have changed this gathering of excited pilgrims into a mob, and anyone who has ever had to deal with a mob knows that it is capable of anything.

But just as it seemed that the whole great crowd was about to explode into action it was startled into stillness by a loud clap of thunder.

Then, on a last roll of the thunder there followed a brilliant flash of lightning. Now who has ever seen lightning *follow* thunder?

After this terrible lightning a small white cloud appeared. This slowly paused over the holm oak, where the children said the Lady appeared. Then, just as though it, or Somebody, were disappointed, it rose and slowly drifted away toward the east. And all the staring

crowd, dumb and aghast, saw, in the breathless moment that followed, a strange and wondrous thing. Something was happening to the light of the sun!

This was a phenomenon that had been reported before. It was to be seen again on the 13th of the following months. But that didn't make it any less astonishing, especially to those who had never seen it.

Suddenly the faces of the pilgrims began to shine with all the colors of the rainbow. Pink, rose, blue, green, purple, and gold. A person would look down, and his hands and his clothes were as blue as though they had been dipped in a vat of bright dye. But when he looked up, the people standing within a foot or two would be gleaming scarlet. The strange colors whirled and flashed; the trees seemed to be flowering, as though every separate leaf and twig and branch was formed of massed blossoms; the rocks shimmered like mirages.

Some time back a few good people had erected a rickety little arch in the Cova and hung up two little tin lamps in honor of the Lady who had appeared there. Now these humble offerings shone as though made of the purest gold.

Surely the Lady had come to the Cova that day! But her children were not there to greet her. So she had gone away. As the dancing glory of the colors gradually faded,

the people began to remember again why it was that she had been thus disappointed.

The anger of the crowd had been stilled once by the clap of thunder; now it began to gather again. The angry people rushed shouting over the road to Fatima. They sought satisfaction, revenge. And they would take it on anyone who had a hand in the kidnaping of the little shepherds.

Then a word began to spread. From angry man to angry man it passed. It was the parish priest who was responsible. The parish priest had betrayed the children.

And a shout went up that was heard for miles. "Knock his place down."

In that moment it seemed that there was no power on earth that could save the innocent priest from the hands of the mob.

Naturally, Uncle Marto was deeply worried about his children. He had gone to the Cova that day out of loyalty to them. Now he was caught up in the angry crowd, with more cause for anger and fear than anybody there. Still it was this wronged father who was the only person who tried to stop the mob. And stop them he did, with a few simple but noble words.

"Be quiet, people!" he shouted, again and again. "Don't harm anyone! He who deserves punishment will receive it from the hand of almighty God!"

And before the God-given

strength and nobility of the sorrowing father the mob wavered. A few gave way, a few more followed. At last all the people, shouting for vengeance a few moments before, turned and went quietly away.

While all this was happening, the mother of Jacinta and Francisco was waiting at home. At last somebody brought her the news that the children had not appeared at the Cova. It was obvious then that they had been carried off by the administrator. The frantic mother ran to Lucia's house.

Mrs. Marto cried out to Lucia's mother, "Our children have been arrested. What will become of them?"

But Lucia's mother actually seemed more pleased than not. "If they tell lies, it is a good thing for them to be punished," she said calmly. "If they have told the truth, our Lady will defend them."

"But you have only one child there," sobbed Jacinta's mother, "and we have two. And they are so small."

She might have added "and our children are loved." But she held her tongue, charitable even in her anguish. But at home, afterwards, the poor mother broke down completely.

Jacinta missed her mother. The other two were also frightened and forlorn, but it wasn't quite as bad for them. For little Jacinta was "mother's girl."



It was 10 A.M. on Aug. 14, almost 24 hours since they had been stolen from their homes, when the three "desperate criminals," aged seven, nine, and ten, were brought before the bar of justice.

They were marched into the administrator's office. The tops of their heads couldn't have shown very far above the edge of his desk.

The tinsmith of Ourem kept them standing before him for hours. He put them under a hail of merciless questioning. He roared and shouted. He tried every bully's trick that he knew.

And for his pains, he got absolutely nothing. Now this is extraordinary. For such questioning can break down strong men! But these children stood up under it.

Finally it seemed to dawn on the tinsmith that his threats were not working. So he tried bribery. Taking a shiny gold piece from his pocket, he began pouring out a torrent of promises, while all the time he let them see the gold and hear its clink. Still not a word nor a cry nor a whimper!

Surely their strength was superhuman! At last it began to seem so, even to this brutal, angry man into whose hands they were delivered. Or maybe he just got tired out himself! At any rate, he finally let his wife take the children away and give them lunch. She, poor woman, was as kind to them as she could be. If she is still alive, then surely a quiet nun, who was once Lucia, remembers her in her prayers. If she is dead, perhaps it was Jacinta who welcomed her into heaven.

In the afternoon the good woman could no longer protect them. The relentless questioning began again. Finally they were taken away from the tinsmith's house and the care of his kindly wife. They were thrust into the common jail, in a cell full of criminals. And as the cell door clanged on them, the tinsmith shouted, "Stay there until the cauldron of oil boils. Then you are going to be thrown into it."

They were children. They believed every word he said.

Jacinta began to cry. She thought that it was wrong for her to be afraid. Wasn't she under the protection of the Lady? So she gulped, and said apologetically, "We are going to die without seeing our parents again. I want to see my mother at least."

Francisco tried to console her, "Don't cry, Jacinta. Let's offer up all this for sinners."

Then the three of them knelt down together on the jail floor, joined hands, and prayed, "Oh, my Jesus, it is for love of Thee and for the conversion of sinners." Jacinta, wiping her tears on her sleeve, added, "And to console the heart of Mary."

The rough men in the cell stood gaping. Nothing like this had ever happened in jail before! They began to fidget, exchange looks, and shift from foot to foot; they grew a little angry and a little sad. At last they put their heads together and held a whispered conference. What could they do for the children? They, too, were poor prisoners.

Then, somebody came up with an idea! What about that mouth organ one of the men had hidden away? Wouldn't a tune help the babies cheer up?

"That's it!" cried the rest. "Get it out, friend. Play the babies a tune!" All together they began clumsily to dance and to shout the words of a song.

It worked! Jacinta perked up. She couldn't resist. She climbed up from her knees and began to sing and dance too, and the men were so delighted that all sang triumphantly and louder than ever.

At last they had to stop to catch their breath. Instantly the joy in the music and the fun faded away from Jacinta's face. She remembered the Lady—it isn't by dancing that one prepares to be a martyr!

Uncle Marto Speaks Again

MANUEL MARTO, who is now over 80, and his wife Olimpia were the first witnesses to be questioned in the process for beatification of Francisco and Jacinto, which was instituted in Portugal in mid-July. The remains of the two children lie in the basilica at Cova da Iria. Their cousin, Lucia dos Santos, is a Carmelite nun at Coimbra, Portugal.

Voice of Fatima quoted by NCWC
(25 July '52).

Solemnly, with Lucia and Francisco kneeling beside her, the three began to say a Rosary.

Slowly, silently, one by one, the men knelt beside them. Then their rough voices began to join the clear childish ones. Some of these men hadn't said a prayer for years and the words came hard, but they all tried.

They were interrupted by the sound of a jailor's heavy steps in the corridor outside. A key clicked in the lock, a guard pushed in, and thundered, "Come along, you three."

Jacinta was first to be led trembling into the angry administrator's office.

"The oil is boiling," he shouted. "Tell me the secrets, otherwise . . ."

Jacinta trembled, but she did not utter a word.

"All right. Take her away!"

shouted the administrator. "Come on! Out with her, and put her in the cauldron!"

The guard caught her by the arms and marched her off. All he actually did was to push her into a room, lock the door, and leave her there alone. But she thought that they would be coming at any instant to take her out and burn her alive.

"Oh, Jesus, my Lady, help me!" she prayed.

And Francisco and Lucia, not knowing what had happened to Jacinta, waited for their turn to come. Francisco said, "If they kill us, Lucia, we will be in heaven soon. Oh, what happiness! I don't mind anything. But I hope Jacinta is not afraid. Let us say a Hail Mary for her."

Again footsteps sounded as a guard returned to take Francisco into the administrator's office. Seizing the boy, the administrator cried, "The other one is already fried. Now it's your turn. Come on, you! Out with the secret."

The little boy said, "I can't do that; I can't tell it to anyone."

"You can't? Well that's your business," and, turning to his assistant, "Here take him! He'll get what his sister got."

And they hustled him into the same room where Jacinta knelt praying for help. The two instantly began to weep in each other's arms, joyful at finding themselves still alive and together again.

Lucia was the last, and had the longest to think about what was coming to her. But she went as bravely as the others.

But the tinsmith had done all that he dared. He had threatened and bullied and scared them half to death. But they had stood up, defying him with uncanny strength. And now it was all over. They had won.

The man gave up. Perhaps he may have begun to feel a little uneasy. After all, these children had families and friends. They weren't homeless waifs. Somebody was sure to start a terrible uproar before very long. At any rate, the next morning he drove them back to Fatima.

He pulled up in front of the priest's house, let the children off, then calmly went to a near-by tavern.

The children stayed where they had been put. They dared not move, not even to try and run home. They were all alone. Even their friend the priest was not there. He was just finishing Mass in the village church.

It was the feast of the Assumption, August 15.

One of the first who left the church that morning saw the children and hurried to tell Uncle Mar-
to. The good man came running. He caught Jacinta up in his arms. In a second her little face was like a dew-drenched rose, pink flushed with kisses and wet with her fa-

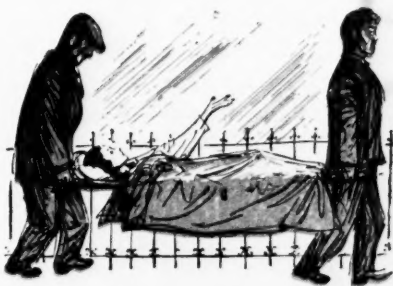
ther's thankful tears, while Lucia and Francisco, crying too, clung to him.

Suddenly an angry shout went up from the church porch. The people, coming from Mass, caught sight of the administrator calmly walking from the tavern.

The priest, who was still in the church and had seen nothing, was alarmed at the angry roar from the crowd in front of the church. He came running out. Then he found himself forced to fight a way through the crowd to reach his own house.

So it came about that Uncle Mar-
to, once again, was called upon to face an angry mob bent on avenging his children. He saw at once that it was up to him to keep peace. He ran to a window and shouted something, lost in the noise of the crowd. The priest misunderstood what he was trying to say.

But in the next instant, the three children came to the priest, and kissed his hand, one by one, in the pretty gesture of respect and love that Portuguese children pay to



their parents and to their priests.

At this moment the administrator bolted up on the veranda. It was he who was scared now! He didn't like the look of this crowd, and he ran to be protected by the children he had stolen.

Uncle Marto said only one thing to the wretched bully, "This affair might have had a very bad ending."

The crowd out in the street had grown quieter. They realized that it was the right of Uncle Marto to deal with the administrator as he thought best. But they stayed outside, still grasping sticks and fingering rocks, ready to act at a word or a sign if given.

The administrator could see that he had better get away from here fast. Yet the only person who stood between him and a beating or stoning was the father of the children he had kidnaped.

He turned to Uncle Marto, "Mr. Marto, will you come and have a glass of wine with me?"

This was too much! Even for a

man as good as Uncle Marto. "No thank you," he said ironically.

But in the next moment Uncle Marto, who had been too absorbed in his children to realize all that was going on, caught on that the man was very frightened. So he said gently, "With respect to your offer, it might be better to accept after all."

"I am very much obliged to you," said the administrator. And truly he had good reason to be!

So the two men walked arm in arm together through the surly crowd, which was controlled only by the presence of Uncle Marto.

But this administrator wasn't a man able to leave well enough alone. Over their glass of wine he instantly tried to convince Uncle Marto that the children had told him the secrets of Fatima.

Whatever his reasons for saying this, he didn't get far with Uncle Marto, who only said dryly, "Oh, yes? They wouldn't tell their parents or their priest, but they told *you*?"

"Russia Will Be Converted"

THE consecration by Pope Pius XII of Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary on July 7 fulfilled both a request and a prediction made at Fatima by the Blessed Virgin during her 1917 apparitions. The request was for such consecration; the prediction was that the Pope would eventually accede to it. In 1942, the Pope consecrated the entire world to Mary's Immaculate Heart, and now, Russia specifically. The July 7 letter is considered unique because it was addressed directly to the peoples of Russia.

NCWC (28 July '52).

The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima

By ELIZABETH COBB

The book, "The Shepherds of Fatima," and the movie, "The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima," happen to appear at the same time. Miss Cobb retold Father John de Marchi's book in English (see page 97), so we asked her to preview the movie and tell you what she thinks of it.

BY THE TIME you read this, a great Warner Brothers movie will have had its premiere and tough old, wise old, sad old Broadway will be feeling the impact of "The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima."

Personally, I can take only one slight exception to anything at all about the treatment this subject has received, and that is the use of the singular in its title. For it wasn't one miracle that happened at Fatima, but many.

Warner Brothers could be right, however, in calling their picture "The Miracle" instead of "The Miracles," and I could be wrong. I was once, I remember. After all, a rosary is composed of many beads and a cross, and yet it is still a single entity.

So future ages may count as one all the things that began when three shepherd children first saw

and spoke to a luminous personage hovering above a stunted tree in a mountain field in Portugal, and—God willing—will not be ended until the free nations of the world welcome back to her place in civilization that land which was once "Holy Mother Russia."

Anyhow, we can hope. (The Lady in the tree told us we could.) Maybe this last function of the Miracle begun in Fatima is being held in a sort of heavenly escrow.

That this particular picture should have been made at all (and in Hollywood, yet!) seems most astonishing. At least to me. After all, the gentlemen of the cinema, by their own accounts, are among the most harried of men, and under constant threat by their own peculiar occupational hazard (i.e., stomach ulcers). They certainly aren't in this business for their health!

Yet, they seem to have deliberately risked still another ulcer by making this picture, and if that isn't miraculous, at least it does seem like the legitimate by-product of a miracle.

Certainly Warner Brothers has taken a risk, a most noble risk; and so, salutation to them all.

For consider. The picture is filmed in color, a fearsomely expensive process. (The whisper is: three million bucks expensive.) It has been directed, written, acted, recorded and presented in the most expert and professional manner. And this never comes cheap. Smart theater people take a long, long think for themselves before they risk any such outlay on even the most tried and true of box-office successes.

Yet "The Miracle of Fatima" might very well turn out to be a financial flop. It is almost certain to be controversial, confusing and/or irritating to millions of people who would rather believe almost anything than believe in a miracle that Catholics believe in. So *why* did Warner Brothers make "The Miracle of Fatima"? *What* put the idea into their heads? *What* happened?

Byron Foy, who directed the picture in the most sensitive possible manner, when appealed to, tried his best to answer these questions in the following letter to me. "I have

made many, many pictures—possibly, a thousand, and this was the most difficult one that I have ever been associated with. It seemed as though our Lady didn't want it made, or she decided it was to be made the hard way. Everything conceivable happened. First, many of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church didn't think the picture should be made as they didn't believe we could do the story justice. Consequently, the priest we brought here from New York, who had written a play about Fatima, had so many restrictions placed upon

him to work with us that he gave up and went back East. Another priest came from Fatima, and he tried to help us, but he was told to go back. Then we were plagued by rain. We were supposed to make the pic-



Francisco

ture in 30 days, and instead it took us 64, which doubled our budget of \$800,000. In fact, there were many times when we were making the picture that we felt it would be a miracle if we ever finished it. Also when the picture was completed, and had been seen by several hundred members of the Catholic faith, including nuns, priests, archbishops and a cardinal, it remained for a convert to discover a mistake in one of the dates. This meant we had to remake one hundred feet of film, and change 30 prints at a cost of \$50,000.

"I might add that the writer on the script, Crane Wilbur (you might remember him as one of the leading actors with Pearl White in 'Perils of Pauline') when I assigned the project to him said, 'Don't expect much from me. How could anybody believe that God would put anyone in hell. How could anyone believe this trash. I am not a Catholic, why don't you get somebody else to write the picture?' I prevailed upon him to do it, and later at a preview when he came out of the theater I said to him, 'Well, you did pretty good for not believing it.' He said, 'What do you mean I don't believe it. I believe everything in the picture. In fact, I've decided to take some Catholic instructions.'"

Mr. Foy's reply was certainly interesting, even though he hardly answered those big "Whys?" and "Whats?" Personally, I believe that the same mysterious compulsion was loosed in the Warner studios as set fanatical Moslem dock workers and fishermen rioting through a seaport town in northern Africa because the statue of Our Lady of Fatima had *not* been paraded through their district, to bless their homes, as it had blessed the Christian parts of the city. In effect they seemed to be saying, "If that Lady is good enough for you, she'll be even better for us!"

At any rate they seized the ship that was scheduled to carry the statue away on its trip around as

much of this world as will let a Lady in, and flatly refused to relinquish it until the flabbergasted clergy had organized a procession for their especial benefit. The wild Bedouins, hearing about this, rode in from the desert to help make a success of things by showing the Lady just how dangerously a Moslem can ride and by shooting off their guns as continuously as possible for some six wild hours.

Hundreds of such stories have followed the touching little figure of Our Lady of Fatima on its travels. And in Fatima itself thousands and thousands more are told of the wonderful things that happen when our Lady pleases.

Why, once upon a time in Fatima, she even did a favor for a poor old Johnny-come-lately of a Catholic like me! It was about three years ago on Oct. 19, which happens to be my girl-child's birthday, and so is a high day and holy day for me. So, for us two, Father John de Marchi (same one who wrote "The Little Shepherds of Fatima" and is rector of the seminary there) offered up his Mass. He did so in the tiny open-air chapel that stands before the big square in the Basilica and marks the exact place where our Lady's tree once stood.

The little town that day was about as free of pilgrims as it ever is, for this was scarcely a week after the great celebration that always marks Oct. 13, date of the

Miracle of the Sun, in Fatima. To tell the truth, everybody there, and even the old town itself, looked like they were just convalescing from a severe shock.

At any rate, the four of us who had motored out from Lisbon together were all alone as we crossed that enormous plaza which was once the Cova da Iria. Then we found we were being trailed by a wreck of a woman clutching a miserable, sick, scrap of a baby under her shawl, and assaulting our ears and nerves with that low, obsequious, sly, beggar's whine. The true beggar's whine is as insistent as a hungry mosquito's, and just as impossible to ignore or satisfy.

Perhaps because it was the only sure way to get rid of her, perhaps because of that wretched baby, or perhaps because it was Oct. 19, or perhaps because this was Fatima, I stopped and gave her a bit more than I usually bestow upon those I am sure are professional beggars. Then I hurried on past, feeling virtuous.

But she kept on following me. And whine, whine, whining. So I turned to the one in our party who spoke Portuguese and said crossly, "Oh, do tell her to go on about her business! She's certainly had all that I'm good for."

Said he, "She's trying to tell you that she will pray that Our Lady

of Fatima may reward you for your goodness."

My goodness! O God, help me!

At that moment I felt so physically sick from pure shame that I will always be convinced that Our Lady had both heard and answered the beggar's prayer. I was rewarded by the wonderful gift of a humble and a contrite heart.

That the Warner motion picture may be just such a revivifying reward to thousands, I most firmly believe. For it is both beautiful and reverent; and like most really beautiful and reverent things, wonderfully interesting and dramatic. The only possible fault that I can find with the picture itself is that the sun in the great last scene doesn't act as lively as it ought to. It doesn't *dance*. And it doesn't throw out whirling rays of intense color either.

There are some who may object to the few licenses taken with the strict facts of the story, but I find these quite understandable. They are necessary if the enormously complicated significance of the events in Fatima are to be presented in dramatic form. But no license whatsoever was taken with the message itself. The miracle is presented as a miracle with no *if's*, and *s* or *but's* about it. The children are real children, not sugar-water saintlets.

But I cannot be objective about



Jacinta

the children. I cried so freely through their part of the picture that my notes turned out to be nothing more than a series of wet asterisks.

The whole cast is excellent, with special bows to Gilbert Roland who is delicious as Hugo, the village bum, and to Angela Clark, superb as the mother of Lucia. As for Susan Whitney as Lucia, and Sherry Jackson as Jacinta, well—they *are* Lucia and Jacinta, that's all! And there just isn't any higher praise than that for any actress, and these are only pocket-size ones. Oh, that Jacinta! That piece of enchantment, Jacinta! That exquisite artist, Jacinta!

At the preview of the picture in Warner Brothers' offices in New York, some of the staff seemed worried because the handful of us who were there were almost too deeply affected by the picture. I, of course, was nothing but a sniveling wreck at the end, being one at whom you have only to wave the baby's booties to bring on a prolonged damp spell. So I don't really count.

However, there were four or five priests there, too; and, although they weren't downright crying, they did seem to be taken with sudden and simultaneous attacks of nose-blowing. Now, priests are supposed to be reasonably conditioned to sad stories. Or are they? At any rate all these distinguished prelates who are editors and critics, godlike-beings ever, were reviewing the picture in their official capacities.

So you can very easily see why the Warner crowd might worry over the effect their picture may have on audiences. I don't think they need to.

There is so much drama and excitement, so much honest tensivity, both of action and emotion, in this film, that those of the public who don't really care for a good cry can still thoroughly enjoy this story as a story. And as for those others

alone and afraid

in a world they never made

this may be more than just good theater, to them it may also be great tidings of good hope.

Not long ago there were pictures of civilian defense tests in the pictorial section of our Sunday paper. They showed children crouched on their knees and under school desks. I called my son, showed him the pictures, and pointed out that that was the safest position in the event of an atomic attack. He glanced at the paper and calmly replied, "Gee, mom, Father Wieberg taught me a long time ago that a kneeling position is the safest in any kind of danger."

Mrs. Fred Burkstaller.

My Part in Operation Skywatch

*A spotter reflects on scanning the skies
not for help but horror*

By MICHAEL AMRINE

PERHAPS you have read that the government is seeking half a million volunteer aircraft spotters. The air force has ordered a 24-hour scanning of the coasts, in a project dramatically named Operation Skywatch. So far the operation exists mainly on paper, for it has only 150,000 of the needed volunteers.

I am one of the 150,000, and once a week I drive through the quiet countryside to mount a tower and keep the watch. There are more than a score of such places in my section of Long Island. I do not believe that gives away any secrets, the more so since any enemy agent living in our neighborhood could easily volunteer as I did. Probably he would not be deterred by the loyalty oath requested of us; perhaps the fingerprinting would stop him.

Our neighborhood believes it has a special importance, for 60 miles to the west of us lies the metropolis of New York City and the Jersey industries. It is axiomatic that in this age of supersonic planes you cannot protect your own vicinity; you hope to protect cities miles away. When you have seen the

plane, it is too late for you, if you are a target. Our little outposts among the scrub pines guard the cloud-capped towers of Manhattan.

Of course, our own neighborhood has something to protect: the Brookhaven laboratory, a peaceful research center of the Atomic Energy commission. If its peaceable cyclotrons are not targets, however, we are assured that the brains concentrated there would be worth an enemy bomb. But their protectors are outposts further out on the island, on Montauk point, which points towards Dublin, or the roving radar ships cruising 100 miles offshore.

My tower is dramatically situated at a place called The Sandspit. It is a tiny neck of land, with a slip where the ferries arrive and depart carrying holidaygoers. They are going to Long Island's little brother, Fire Island, which can be seen plainly from the slight elevation of the tower.

At The Sandspit are parking places for the people who take the ferry, a little beach, and a lot of playground equipment for children.

I often think of the impressive figure of King Juda; the leader of the Bikini natives. He met the navy with dignity, and for its officers his people sang Christian hymns as a gesture of good will. We ruined his island, and from our contact with him he lost his home. Men cannot live there for 100 years.

Now while the bathers at The Sandspit sleep in Bikini bathing suits, *we* watch the skies lest visitors ruin *our* island even as we poisoned the land of King Juda.

What was it King Juda was trying to tell us, when he appeared in what seemed a comic role in the newsreels, while we had our ears cocked only for the big boom? Now, in the spotters' tower, where one has plenty of quiet time to think, one remembers another long-forgotten figure, Haile Selassie. He was colored, too, and eloquent; and his country was "underdeveloped," in our patronizing phrase. He spoke, and the enlightened West did not listen as we gently closed the door behind him at the League of Nations. Too scholarly and philosophic to be bitter, he was too honest not to warn the West that as it lived, so would it die.

Mussolini bombed Abyssinia, and was the first to call bombs beautiful. Now the Nevada bombs are beautiful, American feature writers tell us—but this watchtower is not.

You climb up the open-work

stairs, go around a windy catwalk, and into the barest room imaginable. The hot-dog stand below, out of pure patriotism, or thrift, sends up at midnight all the coffee it has left in its urns.

Otherwise, there are no amenities. There are two straight-backed chairs and a table. There is a telephone from which you speak to the filter center on the mainland. It never rings. It transmits, and a feminine voice responds, but conversation is frowned on.

There is no equipment. Somewhere there are vast radar masts and screens, endlessly circling in their eerie blind scanning of the empty air. But the whole reason for Skywatchers is that radar cannot pick up low-flying planes; here we have returned to the human eye. Someone has left in our tower a pair of cheap field glasses, such as you buy in a novelty shop. They are worthless. In any case we are told not to use field glasses; they are too slow.

One must be on the phone as soon as a plane is sighted, report that position, and then report its description and position as it comes abreast or passes overhead.

For the phone we use a staccato new language from the air force.

Our life is built around WEFT, at first sound a cryptic magic word. But it merely means we identify planes by wings, engine, fuselage, and tail.

For the life of me I cannot get

the magic word out of my head. WEFT is like the names the soap makers give the products which are supposed to practically abolish housework.

You may think I am not tensely scanning the skies. You are right. Since they no longer want reports on single-engined planes—too many pleasure craft in the air over Long Island—there is very little work around The Sandspit. Like lighthousekeepers waiting for a human voice, we eagerly anticipate the big transatlantic liners roaring over on their way to Idlewild; alas, they often disappoint us by taking another way.

Why do I do this little chore?

I am familiar with the depressing calculations of defense in the atomic age. The air force thinks that by radar, intercepting fighter planes, and the human eye, the U. S. might be able to find and stop three out of ten bombers sent against us. But the basic problem is: one bomb, one plane, one city. In the case of New York: one "old-style" atomic bomb equals at least 300,000 dead.

And stopping three out of each ten planes would be to perform three times as well as German anti-aircraft defense.

Still, the heart of civil defense is somehow to secure even a few moments between warning and bomb drop. I believe it is a worthwhile duty.

As I look eastward with the de-

clining sun, the shadow of the tower with its latticework falls on the sand. Just so the raw pine towers criss-cross the ground where we bury our gold at Fort Knox; just so the shadows fall on university campuses where the professors work on secret military contracts. The shadows fell this way at Belsen and Dachau, and they were not lifted when our side—the Good Side—inherited a million displaced persons, but kept the people in suspension while their papers turned yellow in the filing cabinets. Today we talk endlessly of the millions lost behind the towers and the fences of Siberia; but here we built towers for the Japanese on the West Coast, and muffled in secrecy, towers rise today in the Southwest for those "subversives" we must put away when our skywatchers say it is time.

As I start the car to go home, the long summer twilight hangs on, but the spit is silent of play or work; the tower is more stark than ever against the first bright stars. Emblem of our faith in force, our failure to organize, it is not so tall as a skyscraper, so deep as a subway. But men after us may see it as a simple symbol of our foolish faiths and fears.

The sky is full of God's stars, and faithfully men scan the firmament.

But we do not have faith in His handiwork. We watch the skies for terrifying products of our own.

BOOKS

NOVELS AND READERS

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

The Silver Chalice, *Thomas B. Costain*, N. Y.: Doubleday & Co., Inc., \$3.85, 533 pp.

Heaven and Earth, *Carlo Coccioli*, N. Y.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., \$3.50, 318 pp.

There seem to be three classes of novel readers in the U.S. The top class, widely literate and of some intellectual attainments, sets high standards for its novelists. Among this group, however, there are many falsies who have a yen to be highbrows before they are brows. They have intellectual interests but no intellectual tastes. Though they prate at length of Joyce, Hemingway, and Faulkner they really prefer early Chandler and late Spillane. This top group of readers is not large enough to make novels a financial success.

At the other end of the scale is a fairly large group of readers, some millions, if the pocket-booker's statistics are to be trusted. This considerable group desires novels that are cheap in price and highly charged in voltage. They are bored and semiliterate and it takes garish and highly colored stories to attract their attention.

Between these two extremes is the largest group of readers. They, too, like the atmosphere of their novels highly charged, but they also demand a certain amount of

finesse and a large dash of those staple values and situations that are to be found in normal living. It is this group of readers that have kept *The Caine Mutiny* at the top of the best-seller list for over a year, and it is this group, for the most part, that is reading *Witness*, *The Sea Around Us*, and *A Man Called Peter*. The way to the jackpot is through this group, and publishers are beginning to discover that fact. The good old profit motive seems to be well on its way toward a moderate reform of the American novel.

Among the new novels slanted toward the middle group Thomas Costain's *The Silver Chalice* has all the qualities of a best seller. Mr. Costain is an old hand at plots and pageantry, and his distinguished career in the field of the historical novel has amply prepared him for his invasion of the Biblical field. The plot of his latest story is beautifully constructed. Basil, a talented young silversmith, has been defrauded of his inheritance. St. Luke the Evangelist commissions the artist to construct a silver chalice designed to hold the sacred earthenware cup Christ and the disciples used at the Last Supper. Basil's meetings with the Apostles who are to be immortalized on the cup take him to Jerusalem, Antioch, and the Rome of Nero. By the

time he has finished his chalice Basil has recovered his inheritance and won himself a wife, the ward of Joseph of Arimathea.

The complex strands of the story are cleverly woven together; the plot has depth and its atmosphere is suffused with religious feeling. The book is not properly a novel at all, but an "entertainment" in Graham Greene's sense of the term. It tells a fanciful story of the Holy Grail; though it is not the traditional tale which has been celebrated in legend, poetry, and opera, it is bound to interest the widest possible number of readers because of its deft handling and reverent feeling.

Those who know nothing of the Grail will gain some knowledge of it and those who have seen the Antioch chalice in the treasury of the Cloisters in New York will have their memory of it charged and deepened in this swift-paced tale.

Heaven and Earth, like Costain's novel, is directed toward the large middle group of readers. It recounts the story of an Italian priest, Don Ardito Piccardi, and his search for God and sanctity.

Father Piccardi's first important labors are in a mountain parish at Chiarotorre in the north of Italy. Through scourgings, fastings, and incessant labor the priest seems to have reached the stature of a saint. He has sustained one great failure in the suicide of Alberto Ortognati, a psychopathic young man who didn't believe in God, but in spite of that came to Don Ardito for guidance. Father Piccardi was severe in his condemnation of Alberto's life, and after a miracle worked through the priest's intercession had fully revealed the reality of the spiritual world to Ortognati he saw no remedy for his sins, despaired, and shot himself.

This failure moved Father Pic-

BOOKS

SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

147 E. 5TH ST., ST. PAUL 1, MINN

(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. The Chocolate Touch, by Patrick Skene Catling (Morrow, \$2.50).

Intermediate—9 to 12. Twenty and Ten, by Claire Huchet Bishop (Viking, \$2.50).

Boys—12 to 16. The Fork in the Trail, by Val Gendron (Longmans, \$2.75).

Girls—12 to 16. Felicity Finds a Way, by Eleanore M. Jewett (Viking, \$2.75).

Knowledge Builders. Skeeter, The Story of an Arabian Gazelle, by Robert Shaffer (Dodd, Mead, \$2.75).

cardi to leave his mountain village for a new life as director of an urban social club. Don Ardito soon became a fascinating speaker and writer, but he grew more and more confused with each success, because he felt he did not understand sin or sinners. Yet, in a strange, roundabout way he saw by intuition that the abyss of sin can only be outmatched by an abyss of love.

In the confidence engendered by his new-found wisdom Father Piccardi returns to Chiarotorre. The village is dominated by the Germans who are fighting a rear-guard action against the omnipresent Partisans of the district. These are all young men who had been instructed by the priest years ago.

Father Piccardi is disgusted by the senseless slaughter and he tries to stop it. His plans misfire, and in the end the priest feels impelled to offer himself in the place of the young Partisans who have been imprisoned with him after a raid. In offering his life for the boys Don Ardito feels that he is atoning for his great defect of love toward Alberto Ortognati.

This novel will, quite likely, be suspect to some overcautious critics.

This misapprehension will not originate from any lack of clarity in the story itself. It is quite plain that Don Ardito tries three paths to sanctity: the way of duty, the way of knowledge, and the path of love. In the eyes of Coccioli the way of love is the only perfect way to sainthood, the only sure mode of action which can really triumph over Satan and evil.

It is the techniques used in this story which will make it seem equivocal and squinting to many readers. The machinery employed is that used by Mauriac in *A Nest of Vipers*, letters, journals—long or short accounts in the first or third person.

The very dramatic intensities of the story are copies from Georges Bernanos' *Diary of a Country Priest*, *The Star of Satan*, and *Joy*, and for good measure there is a large pinch of Greene. But Coccioli has not yet learned to handle his dangerous intuition of the omnipresence of evil with the same confidence which distinguishes the work of Bernanos. In spite of this obvious imperfection, *Heaven and Earth* is an exciting demonstration by a striking and powerful writer.

A CENTURY AGO, the "Light Brigade" immortalized by Tennyson, returned home in thinned red lines. Their triumph was great, and they demanded that their war nurses share it. In company with Florence Nightingale marched the nuns who had nursed the wounded at the Crimea. These valiant women were members of the Religious community founded by Mother Mary Catherine McAuley in 1831. Two of them had been left behind in lonely graves. The parade, with the surviving nuns in the lead, was a heavy blow to London's anticlerical populace of 1855.

The Catholic News.

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The Saucer Question

FATHER FRANCIS J. Connell, dean of Catholic University's school of Sacred Theology, has summarized the Church's position on the question of invaders from outer space.

"It is well for Catholics to know," he said, "that the principles of their faith are entirely reconcilable with even the most astounding possibilities regarding life on other planets. Theologians have never dared to limit the omnipotence of God to the creation of the world we know."

Theologically speaking, there are four principal classes into which outer-space dwellers might fall: 1. They might have received, like earthmen, a supernatural destiny from God, might even have lost it and been redeemed. 2. God could have created them with a natural but eternal destiny, that is, like infants who die unbaptized, they could live a life of natural happiness after death, without beholding God face to face. 3. They might be rational beings who sinned against God but were never given the chance to regain grace, like evil angels of the fall. 4. They might have received supernatural gifts and kept them, leading the paradisiacal existence of Adam and Eve before they ate the forbidden fruit.

(*Time* 18 Aug., '52).

When Your Second Child Arrives—

Reassure your first-born that he is still loved and appreciated

PARENTS find it difficult to realize that jealousy and hate are highly developed emotions in children. These emotions arise in children much as they do in adults who are denied love.

One crucial phase in a child's life begins when a baby brother or sister is added to the family. This is true particularly in cases where an only child, accustomed to the undivided affection of parents, is confronted with a competitor who appears to be taking his place.

On the part of the parents, this situation calls for an extra effort to make the older child feel certain he is still loved, even though the new baby drains their energy and patience. Nevertheless, the period of adjustment for the older child is always a trying one.

This is the story of Sally Ann Wallace, age three, and how she reacted to the changes brought about by the arrival of a baby brother. Sally is the daughter of Eldon and Phyllis Wallace, a happily married couple who own their own home in San Bernardino, Calif., where Eldon is an auto-parts

salesman. A month before the baby was born, Phyllis called her young daughter aside and explained to her that she was going to have a playmate. Sally seemed pleased by the prospect.

But not long after baby brother, Richard, was brought home, she began to develop symptoms of jealousy and insecurity. Two months later, though, Sally had adjusted herself to the new conditions. These candid photos taken by Roland Patterson form a picture record of Sally's reaction to her baby brother, how her parents handled the situation, and how Sally finally came to love her brother instead of resenting him.

Because of the close relationship between mother and child, it is more often the mother's attention to another child that is resented. However, this is no excuse for daddy to sit back and relax. It is really an opportunity for him to form a close relationship with Steve or Susie, allowing the older child to help with chores, reading and talking to him, and generally making him feel appreciated and secure.



While mother fed and bathed the baby, Sally watched in silence. Now she moves close to mother and stares at her, fearful that mother doesn't care for her any more.



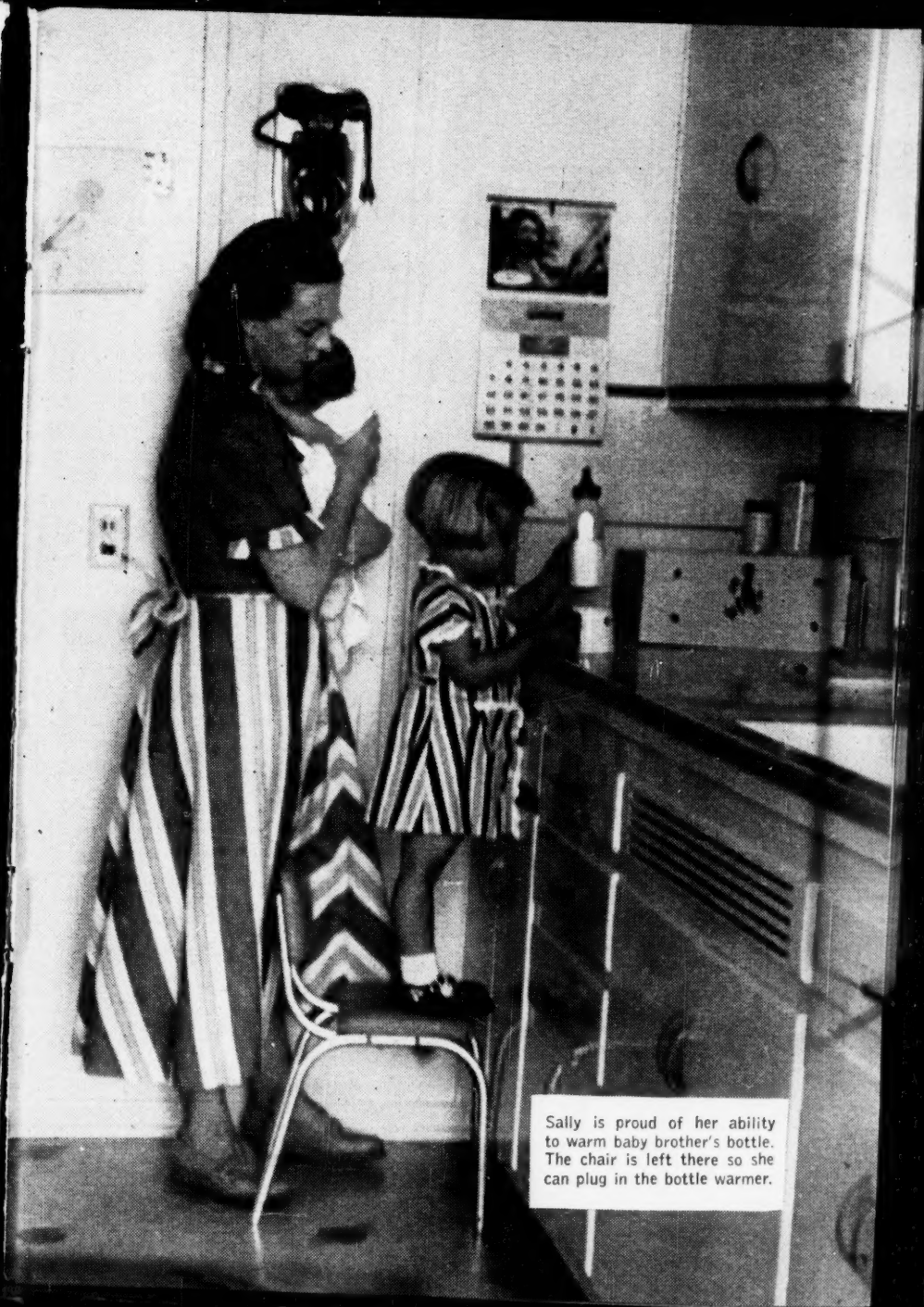
Accustomed to getting all of her father's attention, Sally is deeply hurt when he comes home from work, brushes her off with a quick kiss, and picks up baby brother to help with diapering.



On Sunday, when the grandparents come for a visit, the new baby is naturally the center of attraction. Feeling left out, Sally jumps around to attract attention. When daddy tells her to stop acting foolish, she huddles on the sofa next to grandpa, surprises him by asking for a kiss.



As the official "Pin Keeper" in the family, Sally gravely hands pins to mother as they are needed. These little tasks give Sally a feeling of participation as well as an understanding of why mother and daddy have to spend so much time taking care of her new baby brother.



Sally is proud of her ability to warm baby brother's bottle. The chair is left there so she can plug in the bottle warmer.



Bedtime brings the family together, with daddy cuddling Sally while mother holds the baby. Sally is learning that she must share her parents' affection with the new baby.

When neighbors come to visit, Sally acts as though the new baby is hers, and proudly shows off her baby brother. Now that her parents have made her feel secure in their affections, she takes a loving interest in her baby brother.





Security in her parents' affection has helped Sally replace resentment with love for the baby.



12 vs 1

I am a dentist, and have also been a duck hunter since I was a kid. Six years ago, I joined a group which included the editor of the **Catholic Digest**. For five years we never talked about what each other did. I didn't ask him about his dental work, and he didn't ask me what I read.

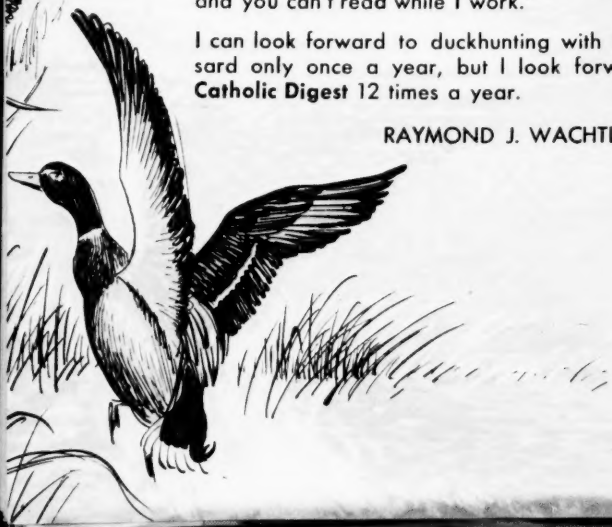
Last year he came to me for some dental work, and in the spirit of sportsmanship I subscribed to his magazine. I began to read it, and frankly, I was amazed at the range and depth of the **Catholic Digest**. So was my wife, who also is not a Catholic.

I placed the **Catholic Digest** in the waiting room of my office, where I had only two publications: a picture magazine and "another" Digest. To my amazement, I found more people reading the **Catholic Digest** than the "other" Digest.

One day a department-store executive insisted on taking the **Catholic Digest** with him to read while I was working in his mouth. He also is not a Catholic. I said, "If you like the **Catholic Digest** that well, why don't you subscribe to it? I can't work while you read, and you can't read while I work."

I can look forward to duckhunting with Father Busard only once a year, but I look forward to his **Catholic Digest** 12 times a year.

RAYMOND J. WACHTLER, D. D. S.



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